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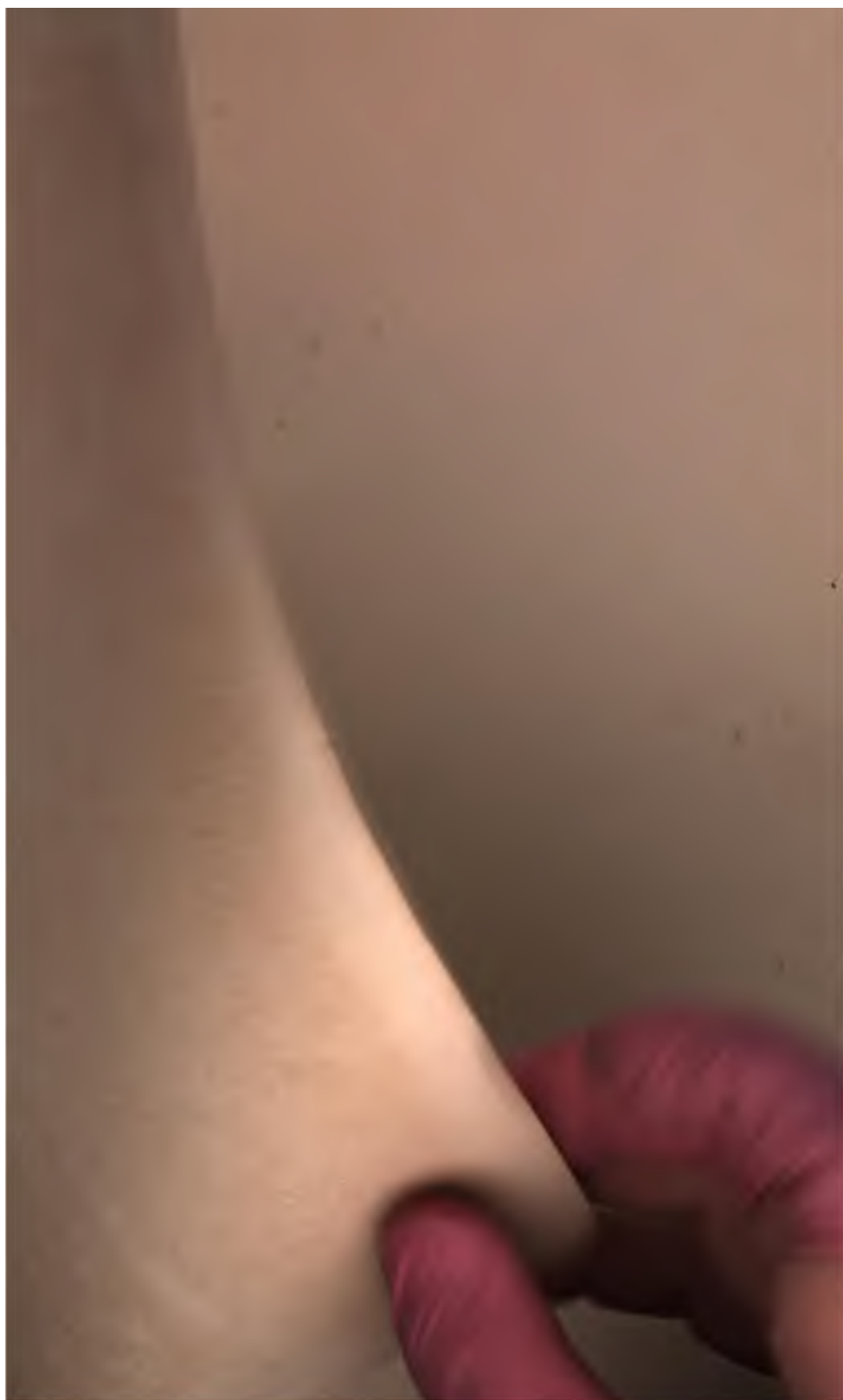
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THE STORY OF
A LIFE TIME
LADY PRIESTLEY

THE
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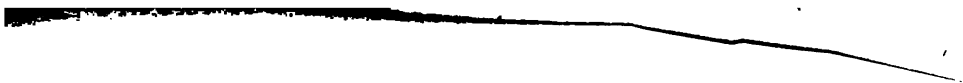


The Story of a Lifetime



Eliza Priestley
1886.

William & Frederick, Pa. Pa.





Alfred R. Hamilton
1888

The
Story of a Lifetime

BY
LADY PRIESTLEY

LADY OF GRACE OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM

With Illustrations

LONDON
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LTD.
DRYDEN HOUSE, 43, GERRARD STREET, W.
1908

THIS
STORY OF A LIFETIME
I DEDICATE TO
DOWAGER LADY NICHOLSON
WHOSE SYMPATHY AND AFFECTION HAVE EVER BEEN
CLOSELY INTERWOVEN WITH THE FAMILY EVENTS
AND WHO PERSONALLY HAS FILLED THE PLACE IN MY HEART
LEFT VACANT BY THE DEATH OF MY TWIN SISTER.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY.

81 *Hyde Park Square,*
London.

PREFACE

THIS Story was written about five years ago at the express desire of my children, and was put into print for them alone.

The first small family edition soon ran out, and a few copies were reprinted for friends. This edition gradually spread into the borderlands of the unknown public, and forthwith came applications at the libraries, the printers, and to myself, but in vain. Letters reached me from various journalists asking permission to review the book, but as the Story was one of private life, and meant for private circulation only, to review it could do no good, so the desired permission was withheld.

I have now been persuaded to go through the ordinary course of issuing my book for the public, but it may easily be imagined that the "ordinary course" is not without alarms. The sensation of writing memoirs in a peaceful library for my children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, is not quite the same thing as placing my family story before the tribunal of the public, however indulgent it may be.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY.

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THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

PART THE FIRST

CHAPTER I

IN A LIBRARY

"Here wait the dumb, whose voices rule the earth;
Here rest the dead, whose life is quick and free.
Hush, living lips, before their solemn mirth;
Life, learn of them the true vitality."
Katharine Aldrich, in "Munsey's Magazine."

I LOVE the serene solitude of my library. It is a refuge in time of trouble, a retreat after a full and active life, a sanctuary. This library is no cold and gloomy barrack with serrated rows of unread and unreadable books, but, built according to my fancy, it forms a shrine dedicated to the many authors I have known. The volumes in it are to me like no other books, for they have come to me by inheritance, some by presentation, and have formed the surroundings of my various homes since childhood.

It is only in the country that a library can fulfil its natural rôle and become the true friend.

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

Here in the midst of peace there is no neglect, no forgetfulness shadowed by reproach, for it is here and here alone that the authors long since dead seem to live again, and encompass me with the friendships of a lifetime. On all sides vivid scenes spring out from the past, stirring every emotion from grave to gay, from laughter to tears, in this treasure-house of all I have loved and mourned. On various tables and shelves stand busts, medallions, engravings, and photographs of authors whose books adorn the surrounding walls.

At one end of the long room two circular steps lead up to the ingle nook, an ideal corner for a "session of sweet silent thought"—and calling up sweet visions of long ago. There in the winter evenings, gazing into the crackling logs, I can see my father, Robert Chambers, a lonely boy, his mind possessed with literary instinct, traversing the solitudes in search of data, without literary influence of any kind. Yet that boy's first book, "The Traditions of Edinburgh,"¹ took an extraordinary hold of the public, and at once excited the interest of the literary world of Scotland. Dreaming on, I can see the quaint figure of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe wending its way along Princes Street, bent on seeking out the author and claiming friendship with a kindred spirit.

My father describes him as thin, effeminate in appearance, with a voice pitched in alt, and altogether a tradition of Edinburgh in himself. His attire as he took his daily walks along Princes

¹ First published in 1822.

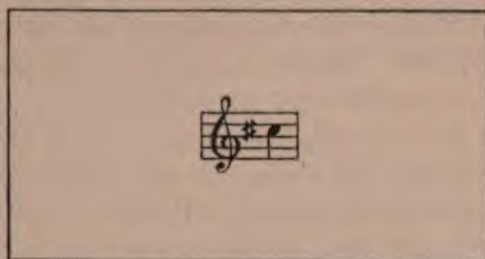


THE LIBRARY, WESTBROOK HALL.



C. SHARP

Street was a long blue frock-coat, black trousers (rather wide below, and sweeping over white stockings and neat shoes), something like a web of cambric round his neck, and a brown wig coming down to his eyebrows. He had a quaint, biting wit, which people bore as they would a scratch from a provoked cat. Essentially, he was good-natured and fond of merriment. He had considerable gifts of drawing, and one caricature portrait by him of Queen Elizabeth dancing, "high and disposedly," before the Scotch ambassadors, is the delight of everybody who has seen it. In jest upon his own peculiarity of voice, he formed an address card for himself consisting simply of the following anagram :—



quasi dicitur C. Sharp. He was intensely aristocratic, and cared nothing for the interests of the great multitude. He complained that one never heard of any gentlefolks committing crimes nowadays, as if that were a disadvantage to them or the public. Any case of a Lady Jane stabbing a perjured lover would have delighted him. While the child of whim, Mr. Sharpe was generally believed to possess respectable talents, by which,

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

with a need for exerting them, he might have achieved distinction. His ballad of the "Murder of Caerlaverock," in the *Minstrelsy*, is a masterly production, and the concluding verses haunt one like a beautiful strain of music—

"To sweet Lincluden's haly cells
Fu' dowie I'll repair;
There Peace wi' gentle Patience dwells,
Nae deadly feuds are there.

"In tears I'll wither ilka charm,
Like draps o' balefu' yew;
And wail the beauty that cou'd harm
A knight, sae brave and true."

My father felt now in a position to call on Kirkpatrick Sharpe at his mother's house, 93 Princes Street, and as I have before me his own account of his first visit in the original manuscript—thanks to my nephew, Charles Chambers—I cannot do better than produce it here at first hand.

"His servant conducted me to the first floor, and showed me into what is generally called the back drawing-room, which I found carpeted with green cloth, and full of old family portraits, some on the walls, but many more on the floor. A small room leading off this one behind was the place where Mr. Sharpe gave audience. Its diminutive space was stuffed full of old curiosities, cases with family bijouterie, etc. One little object was a visiting card of Lady Charlotte Campbell, the once adored beauty, stuck into the frame of a picture. He must have kept it at that time about thirty years. On appearing, Mr. Sharpe received

CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE

me very cordially, telling me how pleased he had been with my early numbers. Indeed, he and Sir Walter Scott had talked together of writing a book of the same kind in company, and calling it *Reekiana*, which plan, however, being anticipated by me, the only thing that remained for him was to cast any little matters of the kind he possessed into my care. I expressed myself duly grateful, and took my leave. The consequence was the appearance of notices regarding the eccentric Lady Anne Dick, the beautiful Susanna Countess of Eglintoune, the Lord Justice-Clerk Alva, and the Duchess of Queensberry (the 'Kitty' of Prior), before the close of my first volume. Mr. Sharpe's contributions were all of them given in brief notes, and had to be written out on an enlarged scale with what I thought a regard to literary effect as far as the telling was concerned."

I can imagine how the young antiquary must have revelled in this visit, surrounded as he was by the remarkable collection of curiosities contained in this curious house. Among these were a set of chess-men of the twelfth century, found in 1831 in the Island of Skye, and, with the exception of the Charlemagne set, supposed to be the oldest chess-men in existence. The collection also included some gruesome curiosities, such as the skull of William first Duke of Queensberry, the coffin plate of George fourth Earl of Winton, and part of the shroud of King Robert the Bruce. He also possessed the brass-mounted tea-caddy

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

used by Mrs. M'Lehose (Burns's Clarinda), and a copy of Young's "Night Thoughts," presented by Burns to Clarinda, with the following inscription : "To Mrs. M'Lehose this poem, the sentiments of the Heirs of Immortality told in the numbers of Paradise, is respectfully presented by Robert Burns." A note in the hand-writing of Clarinda followed, presenting the precious volume to Mr. Sharpe.

Apropos of the more gruesome relics, I have only to turn to an autograph letter from C. K. Sharpe written to my father in 1825 to find him wandering among the tombs of Holyrood Abbey in days when the dead were less respected than under a more advanced civilization. He writes : "I remember many fragments of the royal bodies shown in the chapel of Holyrood House ; and a Countess of Roxburgh entire, saving one hand. The woman went into the vault, and threw out the body on the grass—like a blackamoor's ; with one white tooth, which gave an undescribable horror to the face—it used to make children squall prodigiously. In later times, I once paid a visit to the chapel with some friends after the royal vault had been shut up. The woman who showed the place made a sad lament : 'O, gentlemen, if ye had cam here a while syne, I cud hae showed ye muckle mair in this place—King James the Fifth's shuther (shoulder) and Lord Darnley's thie (thigh) banes ; and a gude bit o' the Earl o' Buchan's back—but there cam a French hizzie that deid here—sae first they pat her in a lead coffin ; and

SIR WALTER SCOTT

then in a wooden ane ; and set her up on four stoops—and closed up the door—they say she's to gang back to France whan the King gets there again—but I think she'll lie here till the day o' joodgement.' This in a very peevish tone. The Lady was Madame de Guiche, wife to the present Duke de Gramont, who died at Holyrood House of a disease principally proceeding from her journey by sea from London to Edinburgh."

Turning away from this gruesome scene, I find myself safely back once more in the cosy ingle nook allowing my mind to dream on of better things. Sir Walter Scott now comes into view, and I can *hear* him asking Constable, the publisher, a few particulars about the author of "The Traditions," and can *see* him exclaim in astonishment—on being told he was scarcely twenty years of age—"Where did the boy get all his information!"

A few weeks after the visit of Sir Walter Scott to Constable, he and his son-in-law, Lockhart, pursued their way to "the boy's" lodging, and took the boy so much by surprise that he could not utter a word! To give him time to recover, Sir Walter took up a copy of "The Traditions" lying on the table, and reading out one of the quaint bits, ascribed it to Kirkpatrick Sharpe. This was a mistake, but my father was too shy to explain that it was only a "quaint bit" of his own. Next day, having occasion to write to Lockhart, he explained the mistake, when he and Sir Walter had a *second* laugh over it.

Not long after this interview Sir Walter wrote

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my father a kind letter and sent him a packet of MSS. consisting of sixteen folio pages, which contained all the reminiscences he could at the time collect of old persons and old things connected with the old town of Edinburgh. He had intended writing a similar work himself, but now relinquished the idea.

Henceforth we find "the boy" godfathered on the one hand by Sir Walter Scott, and on the other by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe of Hodden.

In the interesting correspondence which ensues there is a curious instance of both "godfathers" favouring the young author by adding their testimony to an account of the Duchess of Monmouth, widow of the illegitimate son of Charles II. She was very crooked, says C. Sharpe in his letter, having one leg shorter than the other, from an accident in her youth when dancing. "But not very visible," remarks Sir Walter, on reading Kirkpatrick Sharpe's account.

"As the lady's husband," continues Kirkpatrick, "was invested with all the dignities of a Prince of the Blood, she kept up her state to the last, having only one seat in her room (and that generally under a canopy) for herself; so her visitors were compelled to stand. When Lady Margaret Montgomery, daughter of Alexander ninth Earl of Eglintoun, was at a boarding school near London, she was frequently invited by the Duchess to her house; and because her great-grandmother, Lady Mary Lesley, was sister to the Duchess's mother, she was allowed the extraordinary privilege of a

THE DUCHESS OF MONMOUTH

chair. It is said that she made a rule of being served on the knee, but this is not probable; indeed, some letters of hers still extant, prove her to have been a shrewd, benevolent woman, and exhibit no traits whatever of a haughty Princess of the Blood."

"She was, however, plain," writes Sir Walter, "as appears from her portraits, one of which I have, and what is more, even Dryden, who inscribes a play to her, talks much of her wit in the dedication, but not a word of her beauty, which shows the case was desperate. She was supposed to have been courted by James II., but his Majesty chose such ugly mistresses as induced his brother to say his Confessor had assigned them for penances. I never heard there was anything improper in her intimacy with the King, which certainly saved her own estate from forfeiture on the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion. She was buried on the same day with the too much celebrated Colonel Charteris. At the funeral of Henry Duke of Buccleugh ten or twelve years since, I was shown an old man who had been at the Duchess of Monmouth's funeral, and Charteris's also. He could still walk to Edinburgh, yet must have been near one hundred years old. He said the day was most dreadfully stormy, which all the world agreed was owing to the Devil carrying off Charteris. The mob broke in upon the mourners, and threw cats, dogs, packs of cards, etc., upon the coffin. The gentlemen drew their swords and cut a way among the rioters, and in the confusion one little man was

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

On writing to Sir Francis Seymour Haden to make sure of my facts, he mentioned his intention of leaving this touching and most interesting picture to the nation at his death, and I may add from personal knowledge that my friend behaved with great generosity to the farmer.

CHAPTER II

SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE great bond of sympathy existing between the novelist and the aspiring boy was due to the fact that both hailed from Tweed-side, and alike knew the people from whom some of the characters in the novels were drawn. One curious connecting link was that between William Laidlaw, the amanuensis of Sir Walter, and my father's mother, who were at the same school as boy and girl. After the school-days they did not come together again for forty years, when they met at a ball, and recognizing one another, exclaimed respectively, "Jeanie Gibson!" "Willie Laidlaw!" Meanwhile Willie's brother had wished to marry my father's sister Janet, but her affections did not incline that way. The two Laidlaws were sons of Laidlaw of Blackhouse, in whose service James Hogg was employed as shepherd. David Gellatly, whose real name was Jock Gray, was another of the characters, and was known in the county as a *natural*, or idiot. He used to come to my grandmother's house and sing comic songs, among others being one composed by himself beginning "Daft Jock Gray." He also gave imitations of the

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

ministers all round the country, and when in want of fresh inspiration would duck his head under the table cloth, or anybody's apron who happened to be near, and would keep it there until the inspiration came.

Jock was a privileged character, and felt it his duty to attend all sorts of kirks, though many ministers, who dreaded a future scourging under his relentless caricaturing powers, would have been glad to exclude him. He never seemed to pay any attention to the sermon, nor did he deign to sit down like other decent Christians, but wandered constantly about from gallery to gallery, upstairs and downstairs. When he observed any person asleep during the sermon he would reach over and tap him gently on the head with his *kent* (stick) till he awoke, but woe betide the unlucky individual on repeating the offence. Jock's indignation stirred, he would bring a tremendous thwack down on the unconscious head, and would increase the punishment at every subsequent offence. Jock was no respecter of persons in his efforts to keep things right. Neither were the scowls of the elders of the slightest avail when his duty had to be done. On one occasion he observed that a bailie had dropped off into a pleasant slumber, when forth went Jock's arm, and down came the *kent* twice on his unhappy head. "The contrast," says my father, who was present, "between the bailie's stupid and drowsy face, smarting from the blows, and the aspect of the *natural* himself, who still stood at the head of the pew, shaking his stick, and looking at

DAFT WILLIE LAW

the magistrate with an air in which authority, admonition, and a threat of further punishment were strangely mingled, formed altogether a scene of striking and irresistible burlesque."

This curious being had evidently a great love for James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, whom he sang into notice. One of these songs was, "Oh Shepherd, the weather is misty and changing." The other was the well-known lyric, "Love is like a dizziness." These and others were the songs he used to sing in my grandmother's house in Peebles-shire.

Another *natural* at this period was Daft Willie Law of Kirkaldy. He was nearly related to John Law of Lauriston, celebrated as a financier in France during the previous century. Unlike Jock, he preferred preachings outside the kirk, and would scour the country for "an occasion." One warm summer day he was attending the preaching at Abbots Hall, and, being near-sighted, stood quite close to the minister's tent, gaping in the minister's face, who, greatly irritated at a number of his hearers being fast asleep, bawled out, "For shame, Christians, to lie sleeping there, while the glad tidings of the Gospel are sounding in your ears; and here is Willie Law, a poor idiot, hearing me with great attention."

"Eh go! sir, that's true," says Willie; "but if I had na been a puir idiot I would have been sleeping mysel'!"

The "Black Dwarf" of Sir Walter was also known to my father, when a boy, as David Ritchie.

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

This poor idiot was so disgusted with "the insulting gaze of vulgar curiosity" that he fled from his father's humble house, and built one still humbler for himself away from the haunts of man. With enormous strength in his arms, he sent huge rocks rolling down from the neighbouring hill, and raised the walls of stones therefrom, interlined with turf. When he had finished his hut, and furnished it with household utensils chiefly made by himself, he began to form a garden, and to develop a passion for gardening. My father describes it as stocked with a profusion of fruit trees, herbs, vegetables, and flowers; a "little forest of beauty—a shred of Eden, fit to redeem the wilderness around from its character of desolation."

This curious dwelling place my father visited a few years after the death of the Dwarf, which took place in 1811. His sister, Agnes Ritchie, was still in residence in the odd corner apportioned to her by her brother during his later years. On entering the hut he found her seated on a low settle before the fire, her hands reclined upon her lap, and her eyes gazing unmeaningly into a small turf fire, which died away in a wilderness of chimney. Agnes did not offer any greeting, was surly, and lacking in intelligence, but the gentleness of the visitor brought her round by degrees. She then showed him her brother's Bible with his name written on the blank leaf by himself. My father there and then drew a facsimile of the autograph in his note book, which he long preserved. He was anxious before leaving to see the garden, but





SIR ADAM FERGUSON.

BY MARY CHAMBERS.

Drawn six weeks before his death.

THE BLACK DWARF

this was evidently *defendu*; nevertheless, by climbing a high wall he was able to steal a glance. After the Dwarf's death this garden was preserved in its original state by friends.

On the summit of a small rising ground called Woodhill, Davie Ritchie had created his own mausoleum, which consisted of a circle of rowan trees which are supposed to keep off the evil spirits, but unhappily for romance, he was not buried there but in the manor churchyard of the district, where ten years later his deformed bones were found, on the burial of the sister.

Although my father had seen David Ritchie in his early days, he was too young to venture on a visit to the dwarf's hiding-place after he had fled from his father's home. Moreover, it would not be considered "canny" to go too near. My father, however, was fortunate enough in later years to receive a vivid account of Sir Walter Scott's visit direct from his lifelong friend and schoolmate, Sir Adam Ferguson, who accompanied him on the occasion. The following account of it was found among my father's papers after his death.

"David Ritchie, with all his oddities, had a deep veneration for learning; and as he was told that Scott was a young advocate, he invested him with extraordinary interest. Ferguson gave an amusing account of the interview. He and his companion were accommodated with seats in the lowly and dingy hut. After grinning upon Scott for a moment with a smile less bitter than his wont, the dwarf passed to the door, double-locked

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

it, and then, coming up to the stranger, seized him by the wrist with one of his hands and said, 'Man, hae ye ony poo'er?' By this he meant magical power, to which he had himself some vague pretensions, or which, at least, he had studied and reflected upon till it had become with him a kind of monomania. Scott disavowed the possession of any gifts of this kind, evidently to the great disappointment of the inquirer, who then turned round and gave a signal to a huge black cat, hitherto unobserved, which immediately jumped up to a shelf, where it perched itself, and seemed to the excited senses of the visitors as if it had really been the familiar spirit of the mansion. '*He* has poo'er,' said the dwarf, in a voice which made the flesh of the hearers thrill, and Scott in particular looked as if he had conceived himself to have actually got into the den of one of those magicians with whom his studies had rendered him familiar. 'Ay, he has poo'er,' repeated the recluse, and then going to his usual seat he sat for some minutes grinning horribly as if enjoying the impression he had made; while not a word escaped from any of the party. Mr. Ferguson at length plucked up his spirits, and called to David to open the door, as they must now be going. The dwarf slowly obeyed; and when they had got out, Mr. Ferguson observed that his friend Sir Walter was as pale as ashes, while his person was agitated in every limb. Under such striking circumstances was this extraordinary being first presented to the *real* magician,

SIR ADAM FERGUSON

who was afterwards to give him such a deathless celebrity.”

I must now say a word about Sir Adam, as he formed another link between Sir Walter Scott and my father's family. He was the son of Dr. Adam Ferguson,¹ who lived on the outskirts of Edinburgh in a house called *The Sciennes* from its proximity to the remains of an ancient monastery dedicated to St. Catherine of Scienna.² It was at this house that the one and only meeting between Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott took place, when the latter was sixteen years of age.

It was the custom of Dr. Ferguson to have a *conversazione* at his house in the Sciennes once a week for his principal literary friends. Dr. Dugald Stewart on this occasion offered to bring Burns, a proposal to which Dr. Ferguson readily assented. The poet found himself amongst the most brilliant literary society which Edinburgh then afforded. Sir Adam thought that Black, Hutton, and John Home were among those present. He had himself brought his young friend Walter Scott, as yet unnoted by his seniors. Burns seemed at first little inclined to mingle easily in the company; he went about the room looking at the pictures on the walls. The print described by Scott, from a painting by Bunbury, attracted his attention. It represented a sad picture of the effects of war—a soldier lying

¹ Author of the "History of the Roman Republic."

² Later called Sheen Hill House.

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

stretched dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, while on the other sat his widow, nursing a child in her arms. The print was plain, yet touching; beneath were written the following lines, which Burns read aloud—

“Cold on Canadian hills or Minden’s plain,
Perhaps that parent mourned her soldier slain;
Bent o’er her babe, her eyes dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptised in tears.”

Before getting to the end of the lines, Burns’s voice faltered, and his big black eyes filled with tears. A little after, he turned with much interest to the company, pointed to the picture, and, with some eagerness, asked if any one could tell him who had written these affecting lines. The philosophers were silent—no one knew; but after a decent interval, the pale, lame boy near by said in a negligent manner, “They’re written by one Langhorne.” An explanation of the place where they occur (poem of “The Country Justice”) followed, and Burns fixed a look of half-serious interest on the youth while he said, “You’ll be a man yet, sir.” Scott may be said to have derived literary ordination from Burns. Somewhat oddly, the name Langhorne is quoted at the bottom of the lines, but in so small a character that the poet might well fail to read it.

This interesting print in later years was given to my father by Sir Adam Ferguson as a memento of the occasion when the two Scottish poets met. It has since been presented to the Chambers



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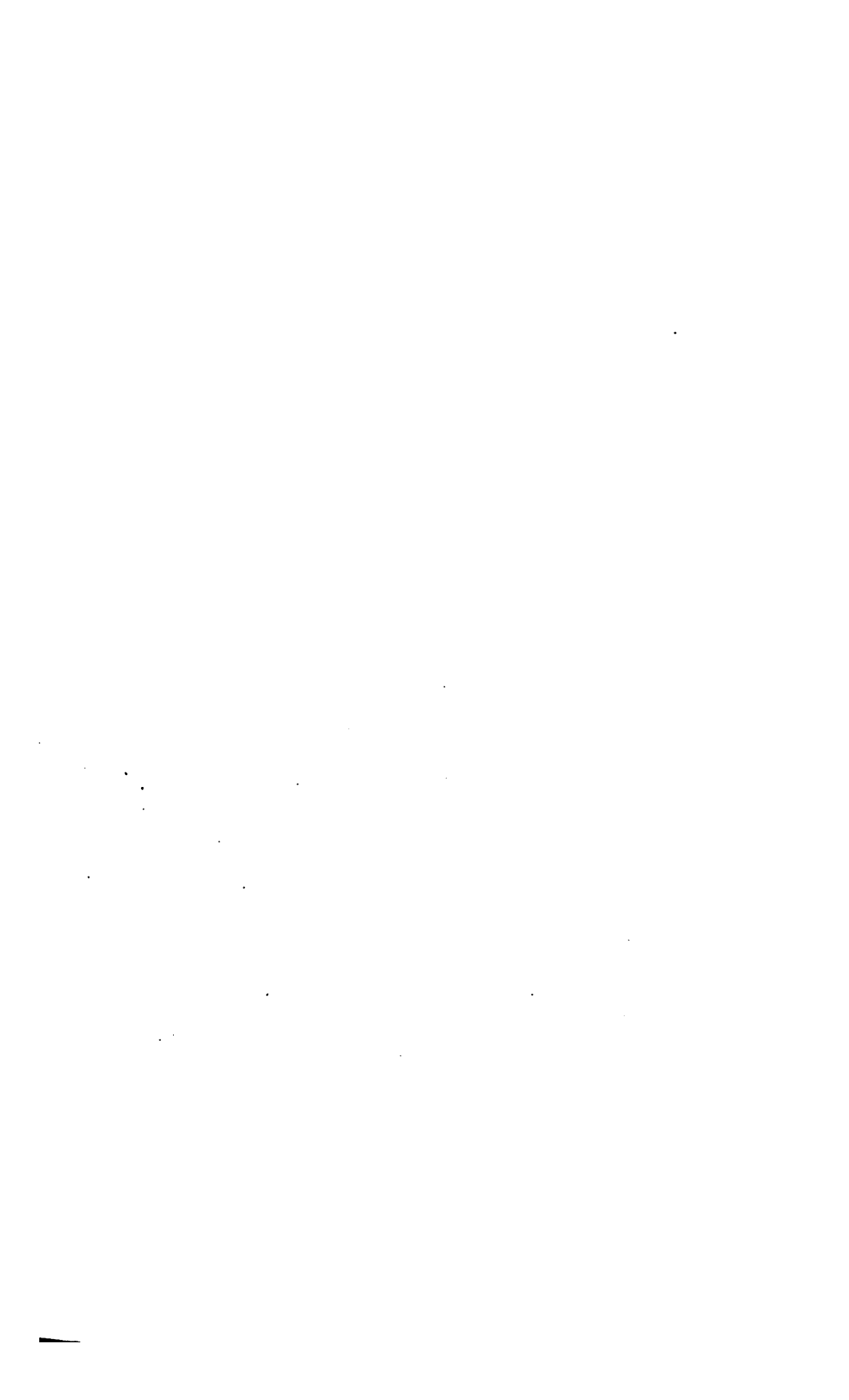
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THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

Dead-room,¹ he arrived at length in an old hall or schoolroom, in ancient days the chapel. This place was occupied about eighty years previously by Mr. John Johnston, a teacher of note. When he first resided there he discovered a curious urn in a niche, and a small square stone at the back of it of so singular an appearance that curiosity led him to force it from the wall. Here in the recess he found an iron casket about seven inches long, four broad, and three deep, having a lid like that of a caravan-trunk, and secured by two clasps falling over keyholes and communicating with some curious and intricate machinery within. This, no doubt, had been the depository of the sacerdotal trinkets belonging to the chapel. It had all the appearance of great antiquity, though no mark remained on it by which its age might have been discovered or conjectured. The son of the discoverer preserved it with scrupulous care, and had left it to his widow, from whom my father procured it. And thus it came about that my father was able to rejoice the heart of the antiquary by contributing a treasure much valued by Sir Walter and his friends.

On one occasion, when my father was helping Sir Walter in his library at Abbotsford to arrange some papers and bills, Sir Walter was not satisfied with the method adopted for folding the bills. He therefore instructed the youth how to do it in a systematic way.

In the course of a certain number of years I

¹ Where the dead were placed previous to interment.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

was helping my mother in a similar bit of work, and was in all probability folding the bills as my father had once done, when all of a sudden that dear parent pounced down upon me to show how they ought to be done according to Sir Walter Scott. I have followed the plan ever since, history thus repeating itself in a curious way.

In these, the Augustan days of Edinburgh, there seemed to be a wonderful gathering of the literary clans. Robby Burns, who died at the age of twenty-seven, was still a living memory, and the Laidlaws' herd-boy had left his sheep and burst upon the world as the Ettrick Shepherd of poetic fame. He used to speak of my father as "an unaccountable sort of person," alluding to his youth in connexion with the "Traditions," which he always believed were not founded on well-known facts, but were "just taken out of his own head." Many were the jovial evenings held by the Shepherd in his one room in the old town, a room so small that some of the guests—my father included—had to sit on the bed!

Some years after Sir Walter's death I remember on more than one occasion going with my father to Mr. Steel's studio to see how the statue (now in Princes Street) was getting on. I was presented on one of these visits with a chipping of the marble to keep as a memorial, but, alas for the reverence of childhood, nothing but the recollection remains. It is something, however, to have the family reminiscences of Sir Walter enrolled

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

in the life written of him by my father,¹ and also to possess the Waverley novels in five different editions dating from 1815 to 1880. And there in a shelf not far from the "Traditions," rests a poor insignificant-looking volume entitled "Catalogues," a touching relic of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, my father's first literary friend.

The first in this volume of most interesting old catalogues is that of "The late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., of Hoddam." It begins with a preface written, I should think, by my father, in which it is stated that "to Mr. Sharpe Sir Walter Scott owed many of the most graphic incidents which give such inimitable life to the productions of his pen." Hence through this poor volume I make the discovery some seventy years later that Kirkpatrick Sharpe had rendered to Sir Walter a service similar to that which he extended to my father when a boy. Thus truly "in books we find the dead living."²

The catalogue is in itself not the least curious of the curios figured out for sale, for in it is a remarkable print illustrative of two twelfth-century chess-men already mentioned. It is interesting also to trace through the pencil markings that my father must have been present at the sale, and purchased some of the quaint old books which are now in my possession.

Another interesting personage of that period was Professor Wilson, "Christopher North" of

¹ Published after my father's death.

² Richard de Bury.

THOMAS CARLYLE

the pen, author of "The Isle of Palms," "City of the Plague," etc. His life-long friendship with my father also took root in the "Traditions," which he hall-marked by an admirable notice in his "Noctes Ambrosianæ." There above my head, adorning a niche in my ingle nook, stands a small bust of the famous Christopher, reminding me of the many jigs and Highland Flings I danced with him in girlhood. He was very fond of stepping across from his own house in Gloucester Place, to my father's in Doune Terrace, to amuse himself with the girls and dance in his stocking soles to my mother's spirited music.

Before taking leave of the "Traditions" and surroundings I must introduce a letter written by Thomas Carlyle to my father, showing how much he was regarded as an authority about things and places in the historical old town of Edinburgh.

CHELSEA, April, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,

Thanks for your extract from the *Journal*, which has come in right season. I have, since I saw you, got still more decisive evidence, if more had been needed, as to Cromwell's Edinburgh habitat in 1648. A contemporary pamphlet expressly describing "the great civilities of Edinburgh to Lt.-General Cromwell," in a "letter to a friend," which is printed October 23rd, 1648, has these words: "The Earl of *Murrie's House* in the *Cannigat* was provided for him." We have the old pamphlet here in the collection called "The

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King's Pamphlets" in the British Museum (No. 392, Art. 26, of that collection); and Rushworth (VII. 1295, Edition 1701) gives an abstract of it, wherein is that phrase I have quoted. Cromwell staid only three days, from Wednesday, October 4th, to Saturday, when old Leven gave him a dinner in the Castle, and he went out to Dalhousie on his way to Carlisle. There are several other curious particulars; of the Provost visiting him and "old Sir William Dick making a speech for the rest" on that occasion, etc.

As to the Cromwell quarters in 1650, again, I am still in the dark: and if you have any conclusive evidence that it was in the same house, I should be very glad to get a share of it. The Argyle wedding while Montrose was passing by is very curious if indisputable: but that of *spitting* on the brave prisoner throws a shade of doubt over the fact which perhaps it does not deserve. I am much obliged for your description of the house as it now is, concerning which there can be no doubt.

I have already got that American Cromwell letter; but did not, till your copy came, know, what also was essential for me, what book or magazine it had been extracted from.

If you can give me any reference about the Edinburgh House of Cromwell in 1640, where he must have lived off and on for almost a year, when he was very sick and almost dead at one time, and when several curious letters now in my



Mama.

THOMAS CARLYLE

Library must have been written, I shall be very grateful for it.

With many thanks for what I have got already.

Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

This, then, was the interesting circle into which my mother was led as a bride of twenty by a bridegroom seven years older. She was born with music in her, and enchanted the literary world by her beauty and grace as she played the harp, or sang Scottish ballads to her own exquisite accompaniments on the piano. Through the advent of my mother, art was now united to literature and science, thus forming a delightful trinity, and doing not a little to draw all the birds of these various feathers together around the home of my childhood.



Anna

THOMAS CARLYLE

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With many thanks for what I have got already,

Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

This, then, was the interesting circle into which my mother was led as a bride of twenty by a bridegroom seven years older. She was born with music in her, and enchanted the literary world by her beauty and grace as she played the harp, or sang Scottish ballads to her own exquisite accompaniments on the piano. Through the advent of my mother, art was now united to literature and science, thus forming a delightful trinity, and doing not a little to draw all the birds of these various feathers together around the home of my childhood.

CHAPTER III

My first wakening to a consciousness of surroundings was at the age of two years, when we lived at Coates House, on the outskirts of Edinburgh. Three sisters and a brother had preceded me, and one sister had accompanied me into the world. I can perfectly remember the little coach in which my twin and I were driven about in these anteperambulator days. We were so exactly alike that the one had to wear a coral necklace from the hour of birth to distinguish her from the other, and to the amusement and delight of my father we never knew the difference between ourselves. To each other we were one and the same. When he lifted one up to the mirror and asked, "Who is that?" the reply would be not the expected "me," but "Jenny," or "Lizzie"; that *other* one of the pair. James Hedderwick the poet, friend of my babyhood and advanced years, wrote the following verses on the incident :—

THE TWIN SISTERS.

Stand both before me ; for when one is gone
I scarce can tell which is the absent one :
To stray asunder ye should aye be loth,
So much alike ye are—so lovely both.

THE TWIN SISTERS

Together ye are peerless, but apart
Each may be matched by each, to rule the heart
Keep, gentle cherubs, a conjoined sway :
Our love's divided when there's one away.

Oh, wherefore both so lovely ? wherefore came
Such beauty separate and yet the same ?
Was it so great for one alone to bear,
That each came laden with an equal share ?

It may be Nature, anxious to excel,
Moulded one lovely face, and loved it well,
Then, hopeless to achieve a higher aim,
Sought but to form one more, in all the same.

Or haply 'twas in kindness to the one,
That Nature would not trust her forth alone,
Lest she should mar her looks with vanity,
To think none other was so fair as she.

If you but hold the mirror up to each,
'Twill name its sister in its lisping speech ;
And still, while equal loveliness is theirs,
May one see only what the other shares !

Beauty that only looks upon itself
Becomes unlovely ; yet, thou little elf,
Not e'en thy sister should be praised by thee,
Lest the harsh world pronounce it vanity.

Talk not to others of her silken hair,
Lest they should say, " Thou know'st thine own as fair,"
Nor praise the lustre of her bright blue eye,
Lest thy own glance win back the flattery.

Ah, me ! I wonder if alike ye'll prove
When ripen'd into votaries of love ?
Then will sad lovers, puzzled which to choose,
Find solace in the thought, " Can both refuse ? "

Then will the promise which the one has named
Be haply often from the other claim'd,
And the fond wish of secret whisperer
Be met with, " Oh, it was my sister, sir ! "

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

Go, go your ways, and in your little breasts
Still bear the innocence your joy attests !
Go wander forth 'neath childhood's sunny sky,
And gather flowers whose fragrance will not die !

October, 1840.

Not many weeks ago I was sitting with my old friend Sir Theodore Martin, talking of days and things gone by, when he told me he first knew my father and mother at this early period of our lives. His parents and my parents sat in the same kirk, St. Cuthbert's, mine occupying seats in the front row of the gallery, and his in the body of the church, from which our pew was visible. He mentioned an incident which had the effect of driving my father and mother away from the intolerance of the Church of Scotland to seek shelter eventually within the milder fold of the Episcopalians.

It seems that at this time *Chambers' Journal* had made great way with the public, but although it carefully avoided dealing with polemical subjects, ecclesiastical or otherwise, the minister took on himself to denounce it in very vehement terms from the pulpit. In his eyes this most pure-minded family journal had committed the sin of neutrality, showing—at a time of great religious strife—no religious leanings one way or another, and avoiding all controversy.

Sir Theodore Martin, who was then a youthful contributor, sat silent and unashamed under the scathing words, but with hot indignation raging in his soul. Indeed, a spirit of indignation was generally aroused at an attack being made in circumstances where no rejoinder was possible. Sir

JACOBITE PRINCES

Theodore also after that seceded to the Episcopalian Church.

About this time my father had written or was writing the "Rebellion of '45," which accounts for the presence on the scene of the two pseudo Jacobite Princes, John Sobieski Stuart, and his brother, Comte d'Albany; a name adopted by Prince Charlie on his return to France.

I have now in my possession an admirable pencil sketch, in the rosewood frame of the period, of these two magnificent Highlanders, which was drawn from life for my father. They are in full Highland dress, in the Royal Stuart tartan, with glengarries and eagle plumes all complete.

There also lies before me another relic of this early friendship, in a letter addressed to my mother from Madame Stuart d'Albanie (*née* Beresford), written from Presburg in 1855. After giving all her own family news, she inquires after "scattered friends," and alludes to "our first residence in Morayshire, and perhaps the happiest." This first residence is evidently Logie. She wishes to know if Miss Cumming is married, and to whom, etc., signing herself "always most affectionately,

"ANNA STUART D'ALBANIE."

To us as children the visits of the two Princes were especially welcome, as they always came laden with sweetmeats. I can see the nice stumpy packets now, and feel the joy of being lifted on to the friendly knee to be wooed and won by these sweets. Years later, when my father was staying

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with me in Mayfair, one of the brothers—I forget which—came to call, when he and my father seemed to live again in the jolly days of long ago, and particularly referred to drinking porter out of the old silver tankards. It happened that these same tankards were then in my custody, so, slipping quietly out of the room, I presently returned with a servant bearing on a tray two bottles of stout, and the identical old silver tankards! In great delight they renewed the past, and drank to each other's health.

The wanderings of Prince Charlie in the Highlands¹ also brought about the life-long friendship of the Thrieplands of Fingask. Although staunch to the reigning monarch, and sound Protestants, their sympathies were carried away by the romance of the wanderings, the traditions of the Rebellion, and the Jacobite relics around them. Many were the visits paid by my father to Fingask from the later thirties onward. The three Misses Thriepland were never young within my recollection, but they were quaint, high-spirited, old-world, and brimful of fun and humour. On one occasion at my father's house they amused us as children with stories of the ghosts at Fingask, and would show us how they went to their bedrooms at night all shaking and quaking in a string, the one holding on to the other, the bravest in front, the second bravest at the tail, and the least brave in between!

The following letter to my mother, dated Fingask, December, 1847, from my father, gives

¹ "The Rebellion of 1745," by Robert Chambers.

FINGASK

an amusing glimpse into the life there which he always considered a relief from the *severity* of Edinburgh.

"To gratify your wish I take the half hour before breakfast of the first morning to write a few lines to you, that you may be aware of my being safely housed here amongst very pleasant company: Sir Peter, and all the ladies in their usual force and good-humour, and, besides the Earl of Mansfield, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmaurice Scott, Lord Charles Kerr, and Captain Ridley. We also had at dinner Sir John and Lady Richardson . . . Lord Mansfield is a tall, slender, dark-complexioned man, of foreign aspect, clever, agreeable, and very fond of fun. . . ."

In the next letter a day or two later he says: "We carry on here very merrily. Last night there was 'High Jinks' of the most extreme character. What would you think of a whole night of singing, dancing, and capering in all sorts of dresses, ending at about one in the morning with three or four of them, including Lord M., roaring out the chorus of 'It's no use knocking at the door' at the top of their voices with the gesticulations of mountebanks? I thought the young Englishman, Ridley, would have expired with laughing.

"The whole made good the saying that men are only overgrown laddies, or as Dryden puts it, 'Men are but children of a larger growth.' This morning I don't know how we are all to face each other. There was a locking of the doors at last to make the ladies submit to an accolade before

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

escaping, but they picked Lord Charles' pocket of the key of the back door, and stole away. . . ."

The ladies Thriepland all sang Jacobite songs in a way to bring the tear from every eye, or to convulse one with laughter. For example—

"Will ye no come back again?"

most pathetic, and

"Awa' whigs awa,
Awa' whigs awa,
You're but a pack of traitor luns,
You'll dae nae gude of a',"

with great spirit.

When the anniversary and centenary of the battle of Prestonpans was not far off, my mother determined to get up a gathering of her own particular clans on the field of battle, to commemorate the occasion. She issued invitations *under strict secrecy* to her friends to assemble at Spring Gardens on the 20th September, year 1845. As the 21st, the proper date, fell on a Sunday, the day previous was fixed, which was all the more appropriate in that the battle was actually fought on a Saturday.

Spring Gardens was a country house which lay in private grounds between Musselburgh and Prestonpans. A hundred years ago it must have been a scene of warlike animation, very different to the peaceful residence which now formed our delightful home. The journey was not difficult, for long before the North British Railway was thought of, there was a single line of railway running daily between this place and Edinburgh.

PRESTONPANS

It was familiarly known as "The Innocent Railway," as it was run by one or sometimes two horses, and no accident by any possibility *could* occur. The working staff consisted of barefooted boys who jumped off the train to run on in front to change the points, and the fares were taken as you went along.

On one occasion my mother was going up to town for some festive gathering and took with her a basket containing her head-dress, probably the turban of the period. On reaching Edinburgh it was nowhere to be found. A complaint was made to the driver, and a shilling offered for the recovery of the basket, when the driver's voice was heard calling out, "Run awa doon the tunnel, Jock, and look for the leddy's basket!"

My father bestowed a motto on this railway. It was, "Hasten slowly."

This Innocent Railway was by no means over-worked, so that when the 20th of September, 1845, came round, it positively trembled with anxiety on the gathering of my mother's clans. The programme included a drive, or walk to Prestonpans from this station, only there was no station, as "Innocence" did not aspire to anything beyond a bit of platform on the roadside. The day was to wind up with a dinner at Spring Gardens, hour six o'clock.

Before me lie some of the replies to the invitations. Thus Professor Aytoun, joint author with Theodore Martin of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," etc. :

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

11 FETTER ROW,
15 Sept., 1845.

MY DEAR MRS. CHAMBERS,

I have been in the country, which is the reason that your kind note has not been sooner answered. I almost wish I never had received it, for it is most annoying to me that I cannot make one at *such* a party. I would almost give anything to be there. But I have been for some time nominated as an extra sheriff for the Dumfries Appeal Court and have to be there on Friday next, sitting—God help me—under the Hanoverian dynasty, while you are annihilating a century and revelling in the joys of legitimate rebellion! I only ask for your pity—nothing more. Do, pray be very treasonable, and in the toasts you drink after dinner, do not forget great old Lord Balmerino.

When I come back I shall make a point of calling on you, to learn how the affair went off, for I see great materials for a ballad, and the centenary must not be lost. I think I shall contrive on that day to slip out to a thistle field with a switch and have a little quiet practice.

"Then up we rose together, and all along the van,
'Remember our dead Claverhouse,' was passed from man to man."

Believe me always, My Dear Mrs. Chambers,
your dutiful brother in Jacobitism,

WILLIAM E. AYTON.

Here follows Theodore Martin, later K.C.V.O.,
etc., author of "The Life of the Prince Consort,"
etc.:

JACOBITES

37 CASTLE STREET,
16 September, 1845.

MY DEAR MRS. CHAMBERS,

Your invitation to the commemoration of Preston reached me in the far north, and you must not think me neglectful in not replying to it before, as I could not do so till I saw how my engagements stood on my return. I shall be only too glad to be of the party—and you may command me for any reasonable amount of treasonable sentiment on the occasion.

Yours very sincerely,
THEODORE MARTIN.

MUSSELBURGH,
10th Sep., 1845.

DEAR MRS. CHAMBERS,

I need not say that it will give me much pleasure to be of Mr. Chambers' party to the field of Preston on the 20th.

As you surmise, Mrs. M. may not be able to proceed eastward, but will have great pleasure in coming over to Spring Gardens to dinner at six.

With kindest regards to Mr. Chambers, and all your family circle, Believe me,

Dear Mrs. Chambers,
Ever Mt. Truly Yrs.
D. M. MOIR.¹

72 GREAT KING STREET,
11th September.

MY DEAR MRS. CHAMBERS,

My Uncle and I desire to thank you most warmly for your kind remembrance of us: your

¹ Known as Delta, the writer of the charming poem "Cassa Wappie," etc.

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tempting invitation is very difficult to withstand, but my Uncle has really been so unwell for some time past, that he is afraid to indulge in any thing like excitement at present, which could not fail to be so with the many objects of interest which you propose. We would therefore beg you and Mr. Chambers to excuse us both on the 20th on account of my Uncle's health. Wishing you every pleasure in your charming excursion,

I remain, My dear Mrs. Chambers,

Yours most sincerely,

CATHERINE ALLAN.¹

Mrs. Kenneth Macleay, wife of another artist, writes :—

On our arrival from the Highlands last night, I found your kind notes. Mr. Macleay and I, notwithstanding my being *a Campbell*, will have great pleasure in visiting with you the battle field of the *then* victorious Prince. Mr. Macleay's great grandfather Macdonell of Keppoch fell at Culloden for Bonnie Prince Charlie, so you may be sure he has a warm feeling regarding any circumstances of the *forty-five*.

We had charming weather during our stay in the Highlands, and enjoyed ourselves much. We were visiting an old gentleman who *saw* The Prince in Rome, and *heard* the Cardinal York preach. . . .

In order to write his "History of the Rebellion of forty-five," my father had to follow the

¹ Niece of Sir William Allan, P.R.A.

“THE LYON IN MOURNING”

wanderings of Prince Charlie all over the Highlands, in and out of caves, and various hiding places, when a railway was *non est inventus*. In common with his hero he had to seek refuge in huts, sleep where he could, and for locomotion depend on country carts, and miserable boats. As the Highlanders were too primitive for the Reformation and stern laws of that period to have reached them, they were still Roman Catholics, and wildly enthusiastic about the Prince for whom their fathers had suffered so cruelly.

Among the interesting relics of the Prince which he was able to acquire was “The Lyon in Mourning.” Through the kindness of Mr. William K. Dickson, keeper of the Advocates’ Library, I am able to give an official account of “The Lyon,” although I had spent so many years of my life under the same roof with this treasure.

“The Lyon in Mourning” consists of eight octavo volumes of manuscript, bound in dark leather. They are accompanied by a quarto volume containing a manuscript index, in the handwriting of Sir Henry Steuart of Allanton. The “Lyon” is a manuscript collection of journals, narratives, and memoranda, relating to the life of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and to the ’45. It was formed by Bishop Robert Forbes, Bishop of Ross and Caithness, who was an ardent Jacobite and sufferer for the cause. The Bishop died in 1775, and in 1806 his widow, who had fallen into poverty, sold the collection to Sir Henry Steuart of Allanton, who in 1833 or 1834 sold it

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

to Dr. Robert Chambers, who bequeathed it to the Library.

As to the relics, attached to the front board of the third volume are a piece of blue ribbon, described by Mr. Paton as "a piece of the Prince's garters," apparently a piece of his Garter Ribbon, a piece of red velvet from the hilt of his sword, a piece of the gown worn by him when disguised as Betty Burke, and a piece of the apron string worn by him in the same disguise. Attached to the back board of the same volume are a piece of tartan and a piece of red cloth, parts respectively of the material and the lining of the waistcoat which the Prince received from Macdonald of Kingsburgh when he relinquished his female dress. On the back board of the fourth volume is a small piece of wood, part of the boat in which the Prince sailed from Boradale after Culloden, and on the back board of volume V. is a fragment of one of the Prince's shoes.

The whole of the "Lyon" was printed in three volumes by the Scottish History Society in 1895-96 under the editorship of Mr. Henry Paton. Mr. Paton, in his preface, gives a very full description of the manuscript and its history."

Passing from "The Rebellion," we have next to consider the birth of "The Vestiges of Creation," which found no favour under the stern severity of the Scottish Kirk, and for that reason burst upon the world from the Unknown. It was not until my father was at rest in his grave that the authorship was fully acknowledged. When

“THE VESTIGES OF CREATION”

published in the forties it fell like a bomb among the Darwinites of the future, who were digging deep, or at least contemplating the foundations of “The Origin of Species,” and unhappily did not enjoy the same generosity which so distinguished the Scottish authors Sir W. Scott and C. Sharpe. Many years later Professor Huxley told me at his own table how he had attacked it with all the impetuosity of youth, and had charged the unknown author with plagiarizing Lamarck. Now, peeping into the tenth edition of “The Vestiges,” I see in the preface the reply to this, for the author explains that when he wrote the book he had only *heard* of Lamarck’s hypothesis, but it seemed to him to proceed in a vicious circle, and he dismissed it as totally inadequate to account for the existence of animated species. His attention was first attracted to the idea, he explains, on becoming acquainted with the Laplacian hypothesis of the Solar system.

Darwin also, when youth had departed and carried bitterness away, wrote to my sister, Mrs. Dowie, the following letter soon after my father’s death, but before the secret of authorship was officially announced:—

March 24th, 1871.

DOWN, BECKENHAM, KENT.

MADAM,

I beg leave to thank you very sincerely for your extremely kind communication through Sir J. Lubbock. It has been highly gratifying to me to hear that so distinguished a man as Dr.

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

Chambers felt an interest about my book during the last hours of his valuable life. I have always felt a most sincere respect for your father, and his society, the few times I enjoyed it, was most pleasant to me. Several years ago I perceived that I had not done full justice to a scientific work which I believed and still believe he was intimately connected with, and few things have struck me with more admiration than the perfect temper and liberality with which he treated my conduct.

I have the honour to remain, Madam,
Your obliged and obedient servant,

CHARLES DARWIN.

It is true that in the fourth edition of "The Origin of Species," 1868, he makes the following remarks regarding "The Vestiges":—

"The work from its powerful and brilliant style, though displaying in the earlier editions little accurate knowledge, and a great want of scientific caution, immediately had a very wide circulation. In my opinion it had done excellent service in this country in calling attention to the subject, in removing prejudice, and in thus preparing the ground for the reception of analogous views."

When my father was contemplating writing this book so far in advance of the period, he felt, after the recent experience in St. Cuthbert's, that secrecy was absolutely necessary owing to the state of religious feeling in Scotland at that time.

ST. ANDREWS

Hence in the early forties my father and mother, with the secret locked within their own bosoms, migrated with their children to St. Andrews, and for two years lived a free and open life, the secret notwithstanding. In these mail-coach days the journey from Edinburgh was so long that I remember sitting on my nurse's knee helpless and sick, the victim of over-fatigue. It was this suffering that impressed on my mind the remembrance of the coach journey before railways were universally established.

St. Andrews was an ideal place for all of us. We had a house called Abbey Park, so quiet and secluded in the midst of intellectual society, that my father could work at his secret with all the security of a criminal unrecognized in the midst of the police. In these days St. Andrews was not the fashionable resort it has since become. The University was the ruling element, and golf subsidiary. Then, failing cheap daily papers, the town bellman or crier was in full force, bringing all the "gude" folks to their doors to hear the news. The news was often an announcement to the effect that a certain ship would leave the port on a certain day at a certain hour "weather permitting." This was usually followed by a further announcement concerning another ship which would sail "weather or no!"

The idiot was a melancholy feature of the place. I can see his poor bewildered face now as he pursued his way followed by jeering boys. If he saw a "wife" at her door he would go up

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

and say, "Gi's a bit o' creash"—*Anglice*, "give me a bit of fat." That was all he ever asked.

Another old-world remembrance was watching the housemaid lighting the fires with "spunks" before matches were invented. Again there flits across my mind a lovely vision of my mother going out to dinner parties in her sedan-chair, accompanied by a host of small runners, at the fashionable hour of five, the prevailing and unfashionable hour being three. She always took with her a tiny linen book improvised by herself, containing in her own handwriting some old ballads. She found it difficult to remember words, but never the accompaniment, which she could always transpose from one key to another to suit her voice at the moment.

Regarding this period of my life it is interesting to remember the sorrows as well as the joys encountered by the way. My first school-days were sorrows I could see no way out of. The lessons I had to learn and the questions I had to answer at the day school held by two old ladies involved my mind in complete chaos. I can never forget the hopeless blank, and the fear that helped to obscure the little mind I had. It never occurred to my teachers that my brain was not sufficiently developed to perceive what they were driving at, neither was any allowance made for the timidity excited by the presence of so many girls older and bigger than myself. In order to improve matters I was to be punished, and accordingly was kept in one day after the class had broken up. I was



THE TWINS.

BY ARTHUR PERIGAL.

FIRST SCHOOL-DAYS

now a forlorn child prisoner condemned to starve while others fed, and in tears could make nothing of it. With maturer brains I could easily have turned the tables on the two old ladies by proving they knew nothing of natural laws and were little fitted for the management of the young. But this is pure insubordination, and to return to the lamentable situation, relief came from an unexpected quarter. The news of my forcible detention had been carried home by my bigger sisters, and so enraged my devoted nurse Hopey (who had nursed me in infancy at her breast) that she first of all prepared a mighty jam sandwich, and filling her pocket with other good things, started forth to the rescue. She appeared on the scene *vi et armis*, a terror to the old ladies, who saw she was not to be trifled with, for no power on earth could have kept her from breaking my prison if necessary. The Bastille itself would have been nothing to her had I been there! In joy I was soon clasped to her maternal bosom and soothed with that sweet symphony of love known only to mothers.

A picture in water colours of myself and twin sister at that time represents us out of doors in white frocks with short sleeves, the lap of one full of roses, and the legs of both clothed in wide leggings trimmed with double frills. The two faces adorned with fair ringlets are exactly alike, and I can see from this picture how difficult lessons must have been, for the expression on both faces is that of vacuous innocence.

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

These, then, are some of the impressions which were stamped on my mind at five years of age and have lasted throughout a lifetime. The little school episodes, the idiot, and the orier were of far greater moment to me than the secret going on visibly in the background. Of it I knew nothing, and could know nothing for years, but it is strange to think now that my father was writing then—at the age of thirty-two—one of the books of the century.

My father's delight in his leisure hours was to take a troop of us out to the golf links, or for a ramble among the ruins, trying "to dibble into our heads a few ideas" on the romantic history of the place. Thirty-seven years later, when he had built himself a house opposite the Martyrs' Monument and was dying, his mind seemed to revert to these early days when the present had ceased to be. "Ah!" he whispered, "I will take their little hands in mine and run along the Lee." How we loved him, and how we loved his walks in Edinburgh somewhat later when he would take us to Arthur's Seat to do a little geologizing, calling at a baker's shop for "parliament cakes" on the way. This shop was long known to us as the Parliament House! Here no questions were asked, and the votes all went one way!

As children we knew more of what was under the earth than above, and could recognize at once the striations of ancient glaciers, while around the coast of Fife in later years we knew every ancient sea margin. With such a teacher we

THE GEOLOGIST'S WIFE

never found any difficulty in acquiring natural knowledge.

The following amusing verses were written by my mother, the geologist's wife, when her husband was setting off on one of his excursions :—

Adieu then, my dear, to the Highlands you go,
Geology calls you, you must not say no;
Alone in your absence I cannot but mourn,
And yet it were selfish to wish you return.

No, come not until you search through the gneiss,
And mark all the smoothings produced by the ice;
O'er granite-filled chinks felt Huttonian joy,
And measured the parallel roads of Glenroy.

Yet still, as from mountain to mountain you stride,
In visions I'll walk like a shade by your side,
Your bag and your hammer I'll carry with glee,
And climb the raised beaches, my own love, with thee.

Me too, you'll remember, for love claims no less,
And all your proceedings a fondness confess:
Each level you take, be it not from the sea,
But around the place where your Annie may be.

Let everything mind you of tender relations—
See even the hard rocks have *their* inclinations,
Oh, let me believe that wherever you roam
The axis of yours can be nowhere but home!

And if you should find on the mountains of Lorn
A boulder that long since from Nevis was torn,
I will image that fond one who left his own shore
"Perhaps to return to Lochaber no more."

And if in your wanderings you chance to be led
To Ross-shire or Moray to see the Old Red,
Oh, still, as its mail-covered fishes you view,
Forget not the colour is "love's proper hue."

Such being your feelings, I'll care not although
You're gone from my side for a fortnight or so,
But know if much longer you leave me alone
You may find coming back a wife turned to stone.

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

Meanwhile the book was getting on, and my father feeling doubtless much as Galileo must have done with the fear of the inquisition before him.

The methods adopted to preserve secrecy were curious. First, the whole of the MS. was transcribed by my mother and then sent to a trusty friend, Mr. Ireland, editor of the *Manchester Examiner*. He was the sole medium of communication between publisher and author, and held the secret as desired not only till after my father's death, but subsequently until that of his brother William, the other partner in the firm of W. and R. Chambers.

When I emerged from childhood into womanhood and found that I was a member of the literary and scientific world by right of birth, with ears to hear and eyes to see, the discussion was still rife as to who was the author of "The Vestiges." Mrs. Charles Kean, in a letter to my mother from New York, 1846, says, "There is a report here that Mr. Chambers has owned himself to be the author of 'The Vestiges of Creation.' Is it true?" The nearest approach I ever made towards discovery was when Dr. Wm. Carpenter, the physiologist and physicist, told me that he happened to be at Churchill the publisher's one day, and seeing the MS. lying on the table, at once recognized my mother's fine Italian handwriting. Again, my friend Samuel Smiles, the charming writer, told me, and afterwards wrote me the following:—

"William Howitt and I had some conversation many years ago about the authorship of 'The

“THE VESTIGES OF CREATION”

Vestiges of Creation. He said, ‘I know the author.’ ‘Who is he?’ I asked. ‘Robert Chambers of Edinburgh.’ He then proceeded to relate that he had called at his house, and was shown into the drawing-room, and there found a copy of the book with numerous corrections in Robert Chambers’ handwriting. These were the circumstances which led Mr. Howitt to the certain conclusion that he and no other writer was the author.”

There never seemed to be a doubt in scientific circles as to the authorship, but the confession never came, even on his death-bed.

CHAPTER IV

THE St. Andrews sojourn over, we are now in the fifties and settled down very peaceably at 1, Doune Terrace, with life opening up before us in a world still astir about "The Vestiges."

Our first school in Edinburgh was over a shop in Queen Street, and had but one master, Dr. Graham, a very able man and friend of my father. Here only English was taught, which consisted of spelling, reading, sums (I cannot call it arithmetic), writing, history, and geography. Boys and girls were all taught together, being divided by a screen not so tall that we could not tilt ourselves up to see the boys getting "palmies."¹ Some of the boys have since distinguished themselves in the world, one being Dr. William Playfair, whose friendship continued to the end of his life. Our next school was more advanced. It was The Institution in Moray Place, just round the corner of our Terrace, which was so exposed to the winds of heaven that we were often in winter battened up against the area railings in speeding along to our classes. Here we were taught dancing in the most severely proper style by a lady with exquisite feet, whose chief idea of a liberal education was to know how to dance the minuet.

¹ Receiving the tawee on the open palm.

MRS. CHISHOLM

Either before or after this period we had a dancing-master at home, a *protégé*, I suspect, of my mother. Dr. Robert Farquharson (now Right Honourable) and his elder brother William, since dead, used to join us, urged thereto, no doubt, through the combined philanthropy of the mothers. The dancing-master was typical of "the *protégé*," he wore tights, played the fiddle as he danced, and rejoiced in a green wig from which we could never take our eyes.

I cannot say we excelled as pupils in the ordinary school sense, but what with rambles across the fields of science, and contact with the men and women of the day, a smattering of education was acquired. Fortunately my mother, with her great talents, had inspired some of her children with her gifts, so that our home formed a magnet for artists of every kind, and also a rallying-ground for philanthropists and "characters" generally.

To our house in 1850 came Mrs. Chisholm, the early—if not earliest—pioneer of the emigrant movement. I can remember how desperately in earnest she was as she poured out her ideas to my father and mother about her scheme for sending the superfluous population of this country to Australia. I can only recall snatches of her conversation, as I was then just fourteen years of age; but these are worth noting as showing how well she understood human nature. She was telling my mother that among the husbands and wives with whom she had to deal there were constant quarrels. The wives had many sorrowful tales to tell of hard

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words and neglect. Her cure for these was to go to the husband and persuade him to give his wife a little present! Probably he had never done such a thing in his life before, and it never would have occurred to his mind to do it at all save for the whisperings of the philanthropist. But the effect was magical. It raised the husband in his own estimation, and placed the wife on a pinnacle of superiority by restoring her self-respect. With regard to travelling arrangements, she advocated barrels instead of boxes or trunks, as they could be rolled from one place to another, and save the fatigue of carrying. These were both practical measures, and dwelt in my mind long after she herself had gone to her rest.

Beyond these trifling incidents I should have known nothing more of this interesting woman save for the treasures lying idly about in the nooks and crannies of my library. Since writing the above I was searching through an old office ledger of "All the Year Round," which fell into my possession among the "books, letters, and papers" left to me by my aunt, Mrs. Wills. I was looking for something else when my eye fell on emigrants' letters written jointly by C. D. (Charles Dickens) and Mrs. Chisholm. From this source I am able to add that the aim of this good woman was to establish a Family Colonization Loan Society to enable the poor to find work where work was to be had, the loan being paid back cheerfully when prosperity came. The whole scheme was so admirable and seemed to work so well that it ought to form a

MISS DIX

model for the present plan of sending servants and others out to South Africa¹ and Canada.

Another great philanthropist was Miss Dix, from America, and her efforts, I believe, were in the direction of lunatics. She stayed in our house, and was even more desperately in earnest than Mrs. Chisholm. She was very grave, and sometimes wept. It is strange to think of this serious woman dwelling even for a time in the midst of us tumultuous girls. It seemed, however, to answer her purpose very well, for my kind-hearted mother, who was always interested in convents and lunatic asylums, could open the doors of the latter whenever she chose. One day Miss Dix disappeared, but shortly returned beaming with gladness as she had never beamed before. She had been to London and had interviewed the Home Secretary about her mission. Evidently her hopes had not been crushed, for she was invited to dine with the Right Honourable that night to meet other Secretaries of State. The mission made little impression on our youthful minds, but what did impress us was the fact that in the course of the day she managed to get a new dress made for the occasion, and appeared fully equipped in a black moire antique, cut square in the neck, new cap and all, by dinner-time!

Being too young at this period to understand the mission which brought Miss Dix into our midst, I wrote to my friend Sir James Crichton Browne to inquire. The following is his reply:—

“Miss Dix is credited with having secured

¹ *Vide* Vol. I. “Household Words,” 1850.

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

the amendment of the Lunacy Law of Scotland and the Lunacy Act of 1857, but there were other forces at work. The public asylums of Scotland at that time were quite on a level with those of any other civilized country, but there were certain private asylums at Musselburgh, the condition of which was deplorable, and to the state of these Miss Dix called attention, as well as to the pitiable and shockingly neglected state of the pauper insane, boarded out in Scotland. Sir John McNeill was President at that time of the Board of Supervision which was responsible for the condition of paupers of all classes in Scotland. He had given offence to Mr. Ellice, then Member for Coventry, by his report on certain proceedings on the Glengarry Estates, and the opportunity for retaliation having occurred, Mr. Ellice availed himself of it in a scathing denunciation in the House of Commons of the administrative inefficiency of the department over which Sir John presided. The result was the Scotch Lunacy Act of 1857, and the establishment of the Scottish Board of Commissioners in Lunacy."

One night there was to be a dance at the Morningside Asylum, to which Miss Dix and the family were especially invited by Dr. Skae, the chief medical officer. I accompanied the party on that occasion, and enjoyed myself immensely dancing with the lunatics. In one quadrille I found myself *vis-à-vis* with Mr. John Tollemache Sinclair,¹ who had joined our party, and who told

¹ Later Sir John Tollemache Sinclair, Bart., M.P.

MORNINGSIDE ASYLUM

me afterwards that he had discovered the girl he was dancing with was his father's dairymaid from Thurso. Between the dances, when we were all resting, the door opposite to where I was sitting opened, and Professor Simpson entered with some friends. Instantly there was an unearthly yell, and a woman who had recognized the great doctor rushed forward and began embracing him in wild excitement. The several doctors who were present had some difficulty in detaching her and carrying her off. It turned out that she had formerly been a patient of his, and that he had found her an excellent subject for mesmerism.

When Miss Dix took leave of us she held a sort of durbar, and presented a small gift to each one of the family, including my father, whose present was a paper-knife with deer's-foot handle. To our youthful surprise he was not at all grateful, and delivered a good-humoured lecture on the occasion. My present was a silver shawl brooch, which went to sleep in my jewel-case half a century ago, and still sleeps on as an innocent memorial of happy days associated with the companionship of a truly good philanthropist.

My mother also felt a mysterious interest in refugees, and being the most innocent and unworldly of women, nothing would have pleased her more than to find detectives lurking about, or that she was considered a dangerous political character! When she discovered that the Hungarians Remenyi and a compatriot were living in seclusion she sought them out, and regardless of

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the fact that they were young men with a past, and that we were girls with a future, she gave them the freedom of the house. Remenyi was naturally in his element in the midst of music, and could always find a piano accompaniment for his violin. My mother made great efforts among her friends to help these Hungarians, and on going to Lady Drysdale (a rival philanthropist) was told "No, she could do nothing for her Hungarians, as she had a Pole of her own!"

One of my earliest recollections about this time, and even antecedent to this time, is of Thomas de Quincey when he was lodging within the Sanctuary of Holyrood. He was haunted by an idea that he was being pursued by his various and no doubt much-tried landladies; and, whether rightly or wrongly, I always understood that he took refuge within the Sanctuary of Holyrood for debt. The following letter to my father seems to confirm this:—

T. DE QUINCEY to R. CHAMBERS, JAN. 23RD, 1839.

Wednesday, Jan. 23rd, 1839.

MISS MILLER'S LODGINGS,
HOLYROOD GARDENS, ABBEY.

SIR,

I have accidentally heard a report upon which I now found a proposal. The report was that you were weary of the labor connected with the essays written for your Journal, or (if not weary) that you found the labor not easily compatible with other demands upon your time. If

DE QUINCEY

it should happen that I have been misinformed (which is not impossible, as my chief authority confessedly spoke upon no direct knowledge), I am sure you will acquit me of any intentional liberty in what I am going to say. Nobody could have the presumption to press his aid upon so eminent a public instructor as yourself in any other character than that of one, who happened to have disposable leisure, offering to relieve another who had too little. If upon that footing you really have any wish for aid, I should be happy to furnish a series of essays on Life, Manners, Literature, and other subjects. And as I know experimentally that the discovery and shaping of subjects is in itself a laborious thing, I should be happy to make that a part of my undertaking. All this, I repeat, is meant only upon the assumption that the report I have heard is accurate. I am at present, and for three or four months to come, condemned to fight off creditors with one hand, whilst with the other I furnish support to nine persons daily. Still I am obliged to count all literary labors within my reach. The first essay I propose to write would be entitled *Conversation as an Art*.

Begging again to apologize for my intrusion, if it should appear that I have been misinformed, but feeling sure that in any case you will not misconstrue my meaning,

I remain, Sir,

Faithfully yours,

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

He used to spend many Sundays at my father's house, and had to rush back to get into Sanctuary before twelve o'clock, after which hour he could be arrested. For the sake of convenience he left a pair of his Wellington boots in my mother's keeping, that he might have a change when necessary. They were wonderfully small and neat, and remained in my mother's possession long after he was in his grave. Unfortunately this interesting relic of his dapper little person disappeared during one of the family moves, and never came to light again. Before me lies a letter from him to my mother, dated Mrs. Wilson's lodgings, Sunday, March 4th, in response to one from her. He evidently feels he has been remiss in replying, but does not exactly know the extent of the delay, for the date on her letter, "if date your note ever had (a point on which it is lawful to be sceptical with regard to all notes emanating from ladies), had perished on that upper right-hand corner of the first page, which in my awkwardness I tore off in the act of opening it. Into the fire this fragment flew; so that there and then perished all chronological evidence of my delinquency." The letter is written in a small cramped hand, and is full of erasures and interjections squeezed in between the narrow lines. He goes on to say that "for a few days to come he is fighting with the embarrassment (to him 'overwhelming') of correcting for the press papers written originally with so much carelessness that they do not allow themselves to be righted. This sort of labor kills me."

DE QUINCEY

He describes an attack of influenza which was followed by painful blindness, but finally left him greatly improved in health and spirits; "the first *sensible* suspension of my intolerable nervous sufferings that I have experienced for eleven years." Here the letter ends with simply "Sunday, March 4th." At this point it does not find its way to the post as a well-regulated letter should, but gets lost in the snowdrifts of his papers, probably those to which he alludes. However, it manages to come to light, and he starts again under the heading "Ten days later, viz. Wednesday, March 14th."

He proceeds to explain that "the letter had *lost itself*" amongst a crowd of MSS., letters, etc., and he was on the point of writing another when "the absconding individual" emerged from the chaos, but to his *surprise* without a signature. This is all explained by the absence of his daughters who keep things straight for him. His eldest daughter, he adds, has given birth to a little girl, thus raising him to the dignity of grand-paternity; and, "were it not that I forgive much to a little *female* infant, who is usually so vivacious and intelligent, I should be very angry: for I can't endure being *venerable*. Boys are always so abominably stupid, and also selfish, that not even the grace of infancy could have gained my indulgence to a specimen of that class. Surely we have enough of them on this little planet; and especially since the gallows is continually losing favour.

"I beg my kind regards to Mr. Chambers and

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

your fair daughters, who are growing out of my knowledge. Pray believe me, my dear Madam,

“Your faithful servant,

“THOMAS DE QUINCEY.”

This letter is wonderfully characteristic of the man. He was always struggling in the midst of chaos, and getting what he called “snowed up” by his papers. When the snow got the better of him he would lock the door on the snow and start afresh in another room. His family lived in Lasswade, while he seemed to divide his time between them and a variety of lodgings in Edinburgh. On one occasion he brought one of his daughters to a dance at our house, but whether he enjoyed it is doubtful.

Another interesting guest was Mr. G. H. Lewes, author of “The Life of Goethe,” etc. His presence in the house was usually hailed with joy, because there was sure to be a good time in store. He would collect the younger children into a heap, one or two on his knees, others sitting round, and would then invent stories. One day the stories would be weird, and another day ethereal, but we liked the weird ones best. There was a never-failing supply of marvellous stories, and, needless to say, a ceaseless demand for more. I wish I could recall some of the fairy tales, which were so fascinating, but I do remember that they always wound up the same way, for no other way would satisfy the demands of the company.

The way was this. When the story or stories

G. H. LEWES

had come to an end and we were all in the depths of misery or heights of joy, there was a shout for "Old Woman." Then G. H. L. would begin in dulcet tones to chant, "Old woman! Old woman! Old woman! said I. Whither, oh, whither, oh, whither so high?" all eyes gazing upward, and his tones getting more and more beseeching; hers more and more explanatory, and extremely polite, as she sang melodiously, "To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky, but I will be back again by-and-by." Here all the shrill sopranos chimed in to the accompaniment of rough riding on knees that jerked frantically about till the party was dispersed.

Some of us were taken to the theatre to see him act in "The Merchant of Venice"; but Shylock did not appeal to the youthful senses as did the author at home on nursery thoughts intent.

Sometimes we would go to small and unpretentious parties at the house of Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and his Friends," the most pathetic book ever written.

Robert Cox, author of "Sabbath Laws and Sabbath Duties" (which he presented to me on my marriage), lived in the same street, Rutland Street, now much altered on account of the Caledonian railway-station.

Mr. and Mrs. George Combe were also among the family intimates. George Combe was the author of "A System of Phrenology," a highly popular and philosophical book, and other works, and Mrs. Combe was the only surviving daughter of the great Mrs. Siddons, and had much of her mother's

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stateliness and good looks. Her portrait as a child was drawn by Sir Thomas Lawrence at the time he was betrothed to the younger of the two sisters, who both died of consumption.

An ever-welcome guest was Dinah Mulock,¹ who was initiated into our domestic circle at a time when she was suffering from sad domestic sorrows. We all loved her, and she became quite one of ourselves, although we were idle and frivolous, and she grave, and greatly given up to her literary work. She wrote most of "The Head of the Family" under our roof, and we were all much interested in the book.

Noel Paton (later in life Sir Noel, limner to the Queen in Scotland) was also one of the coterie at this time. When we migrated to the Clyde during the summer, and Noel took up his quarters with his friends the Allan Park Patons, who had a cottage on the Clyde, he, they, and we would fraternize, although ten or twelve miles of river divided us. It was easy enough to go to and fro by steamer, but on one occasion we at Dunoon elected to set off by boat to spend a few hours with the Patons near Greenock, little considering what it would entail. My sister Annie² and myself undertook the oars, and our passengers were Dinah Mulock and my sister Tuckie.³ The day was fine, and we made a good start, but when we got into the track of the steamers Tuckie was filled with alarm and kept exclaiming emphatically that "she *must* get out!"

¹ Afterwards Mrs. George Lillie Craik.

² Mrs. Dowie.

³ Mrs. Rudolf Lehmann (Amelia).



EAST and PRESENT, an Ivalids Dream 1861
By H. C. de la Haye. From a sketch by G. de la Haye.



PAST and PRESENT: An Invalid's Dream, Nov. 1851
To the Abolitionists, & the Friends of the Cause.

NOEL PATON

The consequence was that we had to make straight across the bay towards the lighthouse and hug the coast all the way, adding greatly to distance and fatigue. When we got to our destination, great was the wonder at our performance. On no account could we be allowed to return without help, and to this we had no objection.

The pen-and-ink sketch of this adventure is by Noel Paton, and was sent to my sister Mary,¹ a charming artist herself. She was always styled "the Andalusian Maid" by her father, owing to her beautiful hazel eyes and type. Noel Paton by right of intimacy was generally known in the family as Grandpapa.

In the foremost boat Grandpapa is seen rowing. I am curled up fast asleep in the prow, and the valiant Tuckie, wrapped in Noel's sea-jacket, has plucked up courage to take the helm.

In the other boat Dinah Mulock and Mr. Allan Park Paton are sitting together in the stern, while Annie, quite undaunted, is rowing with another member of the Paton family.

"The Invalid" represents Noel Paton himself, and is an admirable likeness of what he was then. The young lady in the corner was one of the Patons.

"The Andalusian Maid" was born an artist, and was a source of interest to all the professional artists of our circle. She and Amy Paton—(Noel's sister, afterwards Mrs. D. O. Hill—who executed the noble statue of Livingstone)—used to work together at medallions and busts in clay. I am

¹ Afterwards Mrs. Edwards.

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the fortunate possessor of a bust of my sister done at this time by Mrs. D. O. Hill. A few years after her marriage to Alexander Edwards, when my father was living in London, she wrote him a joyous letter saying that she had just finished the bust of her little girl, and that Brodie the great sculptor had sent her in the clay for her first full-sized figure. The bust she was sending to her father. Two days later my father and mother received a telegram from Mr. Edwards desiring them to come at once if they wished to see Mary again in life. She had been seized with illness in the night, and there was little hope of her recovery. They hurried to Edinburgh with all speed, but, alas! the "Andalusian Maid" lay dead. The clay was there under a damp sheet waiting for the hands that were lifeless; and the bust was on its way to win the praises she would never hear.

A great feature in our home life was the gentleness and affection the parents showed towards their children, with the natural *sequitur*, the love and perfect trust of the children towards their parents. When my father was away from home he always tried to write to us each in turn impartially, but the twins were counted as one and indivisible. He often began his letters to us, "Dear Twinnies," but the following is more individual:—

LONDON,
April 18th, 1852.

DARLINGS JENNY AND LIZZIE,

I write the day after your birthday to congratulate you upon it, and wish you many

ARTHUR HELPS

happy renewals of it, not one of them ever to see you divided in the sisterly love you have always hitherto shown towards each other. You perhaps think at present that the world is full of fine things, and probably you expect your share of them ; but I, who am so much older than you, can assure you that there is nothing in the world finer than such affection as you two have always felt for each other. So I hope you will endeavour to keep it ever fresh and unbroken. And if you continue to love Papa and Mama too, so much the better, &c.

Your ever affectionate papa,

R. C.

The first book ever presented to me by the author was "Friends in Council," by Arthur Helps (Clerk of the Privy Council). I was only fifteen years of age when this honour was conferred on me, but although I treasured the book, and appreciated the inscription, it was far beyond my capacity in these days to understand. Now I read it with delight, and can remember how my father and Arthur Helps used to enter into charming philosophical discussions like the Friends in Council they were.

I do not know how it came about that my mother and all the rest of the family happened to be absent from home, leaving my father and myself alone to receive a visit from this distinguished writer. What deeply impressed me was his grave and dignified aspect, and more than all I was

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touched by the kindness and courtesy with which he treated myself.

The next time we met was a year later, in the garden of Chalcoots, a house my father had taken at Hampstead for a few months to be near the British Museum while he was compiling "The Book of Days." I recollect with painful distinctness that I blushed when I saw him, half with shyness and half with fear that he might ask if I had read "Friends in Council" and examine me on the spot! It was on this occasion he first met my twin sister and afterwards sent her another of his books.

While staying here—at Chalcoots—a memorable thing happened. One night my mother had a dream. She imagined she was at an evening party and was asked to play the accompaniment for a lady who was going to sing. The piece of music placed before her had on it a picture of a young man lying on a couch with an angel hovering over him, and the young man's face was that of Noel Paton. In the midst of this vivid scene she awoke to find herself in bed, no piano, no music before her, no company, only my beloved father comfortably asleep in his cotton nightcap; the cap of the period, with the pointed end and tassel I knew so well. He was not allowed, however, to sleep long, for the words of the song were still on her lips, and the music of the accompaniment in her ears. Their bedroom was *en suite* with the drawing-room, and as there was no resisting the temptation to get up and try the song at the piano

Handwritten text at the top of the page, likely a title or introductory paragraph, written in a cursive script.



The Post has just come in - I might have sent a letter. *From* - *Post!* do I hear?
 might - in the very *Epistles* *dear* one! - *No! Yes! No!* - *It will be sent!*
 Do you - *Calan* my heart! - The words are plain to point out the door - *Oh*
What *quart* the *Cherubim* for *London* for *God*! - *What* *all* *my*
little *Old* *at* *the* *fall* *down*! - *the* *may* - *it* *is* *impossible* - *and* *the*
it *is* *impossible* *cannot* *be* - *and* *very* *early* *happens* *I* *will* *not* *be*
late *it* -



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A DREAM SONG

the nightcap at her side had to bestir itself. Now it so happened that a young lady visitor was occupying a bedroom on the same floor, when she was aroused from her slumbers by the exquisite sound of music not in the far distance. When she fully realized that the voice was human she arose, and peeping through the drawing-room door, beheld her hostess and her host, enveloped in dressing gowns, sitting together at the piano, the one singing, and the other adorned in an astonishing nightcap taking down the words with a pencil. No wonder that my father always considered that his wife was most wide awake when asleep!

The words were addressed to Noel Paton, and although I have long since forgotten them, the young lady of the midnight scene¹ (who often comes to visit me) has been able to recall them as follows:—

With thy genius bending o'er thee,
With thy great and noble Art,
With thy rich and glorious fancy,
With thy loving tender heart;

Death can not come nigh thee,
Still aside must turn his dart,
Before thee lies a glorious pathway,
On, for thou must play thy part.

My mother sent a copy of these lines to Miss Paton with a desire to know if anything had happened at the time of the dream.

When the reply came it was to state that her brother Noel had been ill, and was lying in a

¹ Miss Powell, now Mrs. George Baird.

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listless state when the letter came. The dream and the words had had the instant effect of rousing him, and casting aside despair he had set to work to "do his part."

A few years later when Noel Paton had settled down to real business and married life, he was summoned by Her Majesty Queen Victoria to go to Windsor to paint a picture of "The bereaved family" some months after the Prince Consort's death.

One day when he was busy in his studio, with his little boy playing about, the Queen unexpectedly walked in. Seeing the child there she went up to him, and in her kindly way said, "Will you give me a kiss?"

Boy. "No!"

H.M. "And why not? Do you know who I am?"

Boy. "Yes. You're the Queen of England, and you killed Queen Mary, and I don't love you!"

Among our friends at that time were our neighbours Sir Rowland Hill, the initiator of the penny postage stamp, and his brothers Edwin and Fredrick, whose book on "Crime" so truly attributed a great deal of crime to second marriages among the lowest class, leading to cruelty and the neglect of step-children.

To come back to Doune Terrace, our evenings there were always delightful; sometimes devoted to music and dancing in the front drawing-room, sometimes to the pencil, and reading, in the back. My mother would occasionally have the younger



Tarant Chambers

"The five marks".

BY DICKY DOYLE.

DICKY DOYLE

children in to dance in a quaint fashion to her music. They were not allowed to appear until a certain rolling sound among the bass notes was heard, when in they would run and, standing on one foot and elevating the other, would present themselves as ballet-dancers in a row. They were bound to stand in this position till the music changed, and it was not always easy. Our mother had strong dramatic instincts, and rejoiced in the friendship of Helen Faucit, Miss Glyn, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, T. P. Cooke, and other artists.

Among the musicians who came to our house besides Remenyi were Blumenthal, Lichtenstein, Jenny Lind, and Otto Goldschmidt.

A friend of the round table at one time was Dicky Doyle, whose work may be seen in the inimitable cover of *Punch* with his initials in the corner. Not long ago I read an amusing account by Sir F. C. Burnand (late editor of *Punch*) of his early, though vain, efforts to meet Dicky Doyle. While he was hunting him up and down, rushing hither and thither always on the wrong scent, it was distracting to know that Dicky about that time was quietly spending his evenings at my father's house amidst a bevy of girls sitting round a table doing the five dots. We did great things with the five dots, but we never could puzzle Dicky. He seemed at once to grasp the idea and proceed with lightning rapidity to assign one dot to the head, two to the hands, and two to the feet. Mary was also very clever at the five dots, which

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were put down at random by some one present in a way meant to puzzle.

One evening Dicky thrilled us all with a banshee story, and I can never hear or read of the banshee now without thinking of Dicky Doyle.

Thackeray was another friend who was a good deal at our house during visits to Edinburgh at the time when we were emerging into womanhood. He was greatly struck with the likeness of one of my sisters to his wife, and on being introduced to her as Amelia¹—a favourite and favoured name of his—he gallantly raised her hand and kissed it. He seemed fond of children, and one morning was much amused with the vivacity of the breakfast-table, round which bad jokes flew. Some one was telling of an old lady who made her tea once a week. “Ah!” chirruped one of the circle—without the least shame—“I should think it was weak tea!” The joke, feeble though it was, went down, and we all laughed heartily.

A few years later the following letter from Thackeray was written to my father:—

PARIS, *December 27th*, 1858.

MY DEAR CHAMBERS,

Will you send the above scrap to Mr. Payn, as I don't remember where he lives? and, in asking you to perform this kind office for me, will you permit me to seize the opportunity afforded me of expressing to you, Mrs. Chambers, and your somewhat numerous family, my wish that

¹ Tuckie.



The fine dots by
The Andalusian
Maid.

THACKERAY

you may enjoy many happy recurrences of a season which Christians venerate, but which you do not, I believe, acknowledge in Scotland, and the assurance of the profound consideration with which I have the honour to be, Sir, Madam, and your kind, merry, pretty young ladies,

Your faithful servant,

W. M. T.

While on the subject of Thackeray, I may mention that in one of my recent chats with my old—indeed, oldest—friend, Sir Theodore Martin, he told me that he was an eye-witness of the *rapprochement* between Thackeray and Dickens after the quarrel that made them both so unhappy. I had heard various versions, so asked my friend to write it down, which he kindly did, adding that he had never committed the incident to writing before.

“Late in the autumn of the year in which Thackeray died (1863) I was standing talking to him in the hall of the Athenæum, when Dickens came out of the room where he had been reading the morning papers, and, passing close to us without making any sign of recognition, crossed the hall to the stairs that led up to the library. Suddenly Thackeray broke away from me, and overtook Dickens just as he had reached the foot of the staircase. Dickens turned to him, and I saw Thackeray speak, and presently hold out his hand to Dickens. They shook hands, a few words were exchanged, and immediately Thackeray

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returned to me, saying, 'I am glad I have done this. I said,' he continued, 'it is time this foolish estrangement should cease, and that we should be to each other as we used to be. Come, shake hands!' Dickens, he said, seemed at first rather taken aback, but he held out his hand, and some friendly words were exchanged. 'I loved the man,' said Thackeray, 'and could not resist the impulse.' It was like his tender nature, to which the rupture of a once-cherished friendship was an unforgettable pain.

"A few weeks after I was reminded of the incident by seeing Dickens standing by the open grave into which Thackeray had just been lowered, and looking down into it with a look of earnest sadness. It was not difficult to imagine what thoughts were passing through his mind. The reconciliation at the Athenæum would be among them."

On Saturday the 24th of December this same year—1863—we went to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Benzon¹ at their beautiful house, 10 Kensington Palace Gardens, where we expected to meet Thackeray and a family party for the usual Christmas-tree. There was one guest missing, his place at the table had been laid, it was now removed; that guest was lying dead in the pretty red house he had built for himself within a stone's throw of the festivities in which he was expected to take part, and the news that "Thackeray was dead" had only arrived an hour before.

¹ Sister of Rudolf and Frederick Lehmann.



BY DICKY DOYLE.

CHAPTER V

IN these delightful days Edinburgh was, on the whole, less ceremonious than it is now. There was not the strict line of demarcation between being "in" and being "out." We might make our *début* at the Assembly Rooms, but the *débutante* proper, resplendent, and advertised, was unknown.

I do not know how to confess it, having grown-up girls (now married women) of my own, but I am pretty certain of the fact that we girls gave the balls, and our mother the dinner parties. As we never interfered with each other's arrangements everything went off remarkably well except on one or two memorable occasions when little *contre-temps* took place. On one occasion we had sent out cards of invitation to a dance in our mother's name—as a mere matter of ceremony—to the officers at the Castle generally. There was one officer in particular we were bent on having, and when his reply came addressed to our mother, it ran thus: "Mr. Maconochie will have much pleasure in waiting on Mrs. Chambers on the 16th, etc." Now it so happened that a waiter of the same name had disgraced himself on a recent occasion, and our mother had determined never

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to have him again. Being oblivious as to the officer, she despatched the following letter, addressing it to the Castle, where the waiter was supposed to be, and thinking his overture extremely impertinent, wrote briefly, "Mrs. Chambers will *not* require Mr. Maconochie to wait on her at the ball on 16th." This went like a bomb into the Castle, where much consternation ensued until the misunderstanding was cleared up.

Among the celebrated dinners given by my mother was one in honour of George Outram¹ (brother of Sir James). It was to be purely and simply a Scotch dinner, and a surprise to come out at the end was prepared for the chief guest. The hour was five, and there was no mistake about the solidity of the dinner, which in these days steamed up the table and down the table in gorgeous profusion. I can remember that, daylight notwithstanding, we girls were arrayed in evening dress with white wreaths on our heads, terrible to think of now, but beautiful then. The *menu* so far as I can recollect consisted of:—

Hotch Potch.

Cockie Leekie.

Crabbit Heads (stuffed haddock heads).

Salmon.

Scallops.

Haggis.

Poor man o' mutton,

and a variety of other things, the chief sweet being

Strawberries and cream, in soup plates.

Among the company were Sheriff and Mrs.

¹ Author of "Legal Lyrics," editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, etc.

A SCOTCH DINNER

Gordon, Peter Fraser, celebrated for his wit and humour, Professor Simpson, James Ballantine, Sir Adam Ferguson, who was warned by his wife to be sure to come home at nine o'clock, which he entirely failed to do. Sheriff Bell of Glasgow, who wrote the beautiful poem on Mary Queen of Scots, was another guest.

When the feast was over Peter Fraser was called on to favour the company with a song, so he launched forth in his serio-comic style and charming voice with "The Annuity," written by George Outram. This being received with great applause, my father rose and asked for "The auld wife's answer" to "The Annuity." This was the surprise awaiting the company in general, and the chief guest in particular, for no one had ever heard of the Annuitant's reply before. My mother now sang "The auld wife's answer" with great effect, to the delight of the enthusiastic audience. This was another of the little conspiracies got up between my father and mother, *he* having written the words, and she singing them. After this my sister Amelia—the Tuckie of the nursery and barely out of it yet—sang with melting pathos—

"Jenny, poor Jenny, the fluir o' the lea,
So winsome, so handsome, so gentle and free;
It had just been arranged that her state should be changed.
When she died, etc., etc., etc."

The rest is lost in the mists of half a century.

This was followed by "Ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew" by the composer, James Ballantine.

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Our musical evenings were especially delightful, one in particular being impressed on my mind as very brilliant. Sir Robert and Lady Arbuthnot with a daughter had arrived from India, and on this occasion Lady Arbuthnot and my mother enchanted every one with duets on the harp. It was a pretty and very rare sight to see two graceful women sitting at their harps playing together magnificently.

Mr. Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton, and styled by Sydney Smith "The Cool of the Evening") would sometimes drop in (in the cool of the morning) and begin singing "The beating of our own hearts" to his own accompaniment on our old nursery piano. But when he heard Tuckie sing it to her own arrangement on the Erard, that was a different story! The words were his, but the arrangement Tuckie's, and a perfect combination. The lovely compositions of Tuckie are now well known in the musical world under the initials A.L.¹

Before this musical child was sent to school in Germany she used to enchant her father with her own rendering of

"My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer."

Soon after her arrival at school she wrote him the following letter in verse, to the tune of "My heart's," etc. :—

My heart's in 1 Doune Terrace,
Oh, my heart it is not here,
My heart's in 1 Doune Terrace,
Where all to me is dear,

¹ She married Rudolf Lehmann, brother of Fred Lehmann.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

Where all to me is doubly dear,
That happens in that row,
Oh, my heart's in 1 Doune Terrace,
Wherever I may go.

I see from here o'er house and tree,
Majestic Arthur's Seat,
Which used to rise above the sea,
Eight hundred and twenty feet.
Until one day our minstrels say
Two maidens tall and neat¹
Rode to the top on horseback,
Which was another *feat* (feet).

My heart's in 1 Doune Terrace, etc.

I clog along the heavy sands,
These many-childed sands,
I see them digging all day long,
With spades in their little hands,
The waves they join in chorus
With that busy hum of life,
But I am silent only
In the merry ringing strife.

My heart's in 1 D. T., etc.

I watch with eager hope the train,
For the coach I strain my ear,
But the train it comes and goes again,
The coach comes but passes here.
Regretful then I leave the town,
With a sigh lay down my head,
With a sob I fold my pillow down,
With a tear I go to bed.

My heart's, etc.

Occasionally our evenings would be diversified by the advent of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, who was greatly interested in electro-biology, and enjoyed trying experiments on "the girls." I can now see him casting his spell over one who

¹ The twins.

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was extremely susceptible, and making her try to climb up the bell-pull. Another would have her hand transfixed to the wall, unable to free it until he came to her release with a few passes over her head. He and Professor Simpson would sometimes come together, and these were great nights, but nothing to the evenings a few years before when the professor used to try his experiments with chloroform on the girls. He was then just introducing it, and with some of the liquid simply poured on a handkerchief would have half a dozen of us lying about in various stages of sleep. Our mother feared nothing, and was only too delighted to sacrifice, if unavoidable, a daughter or two to science!

This wonderful man was always ready to take part in any amusements that were going on, and was celebrated for his open house and general hospitality. On one occasion he was greatly struck by some private theatricals that took place at my father's house, and insisted on engaging the company for a repetition at his own house later on.

It was entirely due to the energy of Miss Olivia Sinclair (daughter of Sir George and Lady Camilla Sinclair) that we ventured to expand into private theatricals, as it was quite an innovation for "auld reekie" at that time.

We began with a few *tableaux* arranged by Noel Paton, and then plunged into "Blue Beard." I was Fatima, and appeared in a superb oriental costume picked up at a sale by my mother. Olivia Sinclair was Sister Anne, and Professor Aytoun,

PROFESSOR AYTOUN

Blue Beard. While *we* had to learn every word by heart—all being in rhyme—Mr. Aytoun insisted on leaving his part to the inspiration of the moment. As a heaven-born poet this was no difficulty to him, and truly he never seemed at a loss for a moment, but wove his part in with the others without the slightest mistake or hesitation. I can only remember two lines of what he said, as it nearly upset my gravity at the moment. We were on the stage together when it fell to him to make a fresh start, so looking me keenly in the face, and as if he were not taking time to think at all, he burst out with, "Fatima, my love, you're looking thin, methinks you have a dimple in your chin!" which I had.

When the two nights came off at Dr. Simpson's¹ we had in addition to "Blue Beard," "The Babes in the Wood." The babes were the great doctor himself and Dr. Lyon Playfair.² They were dressed in white muslins with short sleeves tied up with blue ribbons, and sucked oranges as they wandered aimlessly through the wood. They did not say much, but looked everything, and fairly brought down the house.

The Prologue and Epilogue were written respectively by Alexander Smith, author of "The Drama of Life," and Sydney Dobell.

When this celebrated and most successful performance came to an end it was curious to find how some of the girls had disappeared in the general *débâcle* just at the moment they were

¹ Afterwards Sir James.

² Lord Playfair of St. Andrews.

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wanted to drive home with papa and mamma. There were so many indeed (eight from beginning to end) that when a few got lost, it made too little impression to be noticed. Consequently, the stragglers were left to find their own way home, which was not far off. This simple arrangement, however, turned out to be big with destiny for me, for it was on that night I plighted my troth to the lover of my life. We were only too well aware that the course of our true love would not run smooth, for we were too young, and for all the luxury of surroundings, too moneyless, to see our way through the veil of the future. Dr. Priestley was at that time Professor Simpson's assistant, and before I ever saw him his fame at the University had reached me as the Senate Gold Medal man of his year. How little did he think, on receiving the highest honour the University could confer on a medical student, that in future years he would be invited to represent that University in Parliament!

But to return to the fateful evening: here we were wandering up and down the dark and silent street considering with deep anxiety the possibilities of the future. Not three hours before I had been Ruth in the Harvest Field before a multitude of people, and now I was saying in my heart to the one and only individual in the world to me at that moment, "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people." Ruth's beautiful words fulfilled the sum total of all I desired. The

DR. PRIESTLEY

world was before us, and we in common with other common mortals could surely go forth like Ruth, to find a field in which to glean!

In the midst of our confidences we felt certain that some one was watching us as we meandered to and fro, for across in the shadow a figure was always haunting us.

We parted on the doorstep, and I entered with a pass-key, feeling deeply agitated when *the figure* slid out of the dining-room and, seizing my hands with both of his, said, "I congratulate you, dear child, with all my heart!" It was Lyon Playfair, the Babe of the Wood!

He happened to be a guest in my father's house at this time, so there was no shaking him off, but I did not forgive him till years later, when we could afford to laugh over the incident together.

I was only seventeen and my lover twenty-five when the proverbial stern parent had to be interviewed.

In this case the stern parent proved true to himself, being reasonable, and always charming. He was pleased to find that the young "assistant" stood exceptionally high as a "student," having taken not only the Senate medal, but Simpson's gold medal, and Balfour's prize for botany, a subject in which he excelled. His thesis on the fasciæ of the human pelvis and the model which accompanied it had raised him into the front ranks, and secured for him a lasting reputation. The model is now in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Some

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of his specimens of British sedges are framed and hung on the walls of the Botanical Museum, Edinburgh, while his complete collection was presented to the Linnæan Society when he was made a Fellow. I have only recently found a bundle of old letters in one of the nooks of my library showing the high estimation in which he was held by Professor Balfour when only twenty-one years of age. He had read a paper on the *Carice Cederi* and other sedges at the Botanical Society, which had evidently established him as an authority, for there in the bundle lies a treasured little letter from his professor, enclosing a specimen, now all withered up, and asking if he considered it the true *C. Cederi*. Through this precious bundle I find he counted among his botanical friends at this period John McLaren, afterwards Lord McLaren.

I have also several undated letters from Lord Wellwood expressing great regard and gratitude for attention to his daughter on her death-bed. Lord Wellwood was a friend of Sir Walter Scott, and was the man who proposed his health as "The Great Unknown" at the celebrated dinner where the secret was divulged, and the authorship of the Waverley novels was acknowledged for the first time.

It is also curious to know that at this early period of Dr. Priestley's professional career he had frequently to go to Whittinghame to attend the mother of our late Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour. At the end of his professional career, when he had become M.P. for the Universities of Edinburgh

WHITTINGHAME

and St. Andrews, we were invited to a garden-party at Whittinghame, when my husband greatly amused the Rt. Honourable gentleman by telling him some curious recollections of his people. But to go back to the time of our betrothal, all was quietly and amicably settled. He was to go steadily on with his work with Professor Simpson, while I continued to be happy and to enjoy the life at home. In two years the term of his apprenticeship would be over, and then we hoped to begin professional life together.

Looking back across the years that have since intervened, I can see myself at that period anxiously trying to qualify myself to be the wife of a poor man. I began to make my own clothes, trim my bonnets, and even re-cover my white satin shoes! Strict economy was the order of the day, and the things I never thought of before I thought of now. I persuaded my mother to hand over the housekeeping to me, and for two years there was a *régime* of comfort, tempered with economy, never before known in that hospitable house.

CHAPTER VI

DURING this time of probation I always found a welcome at 52 Queen Street, where Dr. and Mrs. Simpson received me as a daughter of their own. They always kept open house at luncheon time, and generally the table was full and the room crowded. The professor never allowed wine, beer, or spirits to be on the table, as he was, more or less, teetotalist, but his coffee was celebrated.

On one occasion when I was present he had just arrived from one of his antiquarian expeditions, and we sat down to lunch quite a small family party. Innumerable patients were meanwhile collecting in the many consulting rooms at the back of the house, and just as he was rushing off to see them his old butler, who had been unpacking his things, came up confidentially and said, "Doctor, you have left all your flannel vests behind!" "Ah! Oh!" replied the doctor, feeling himself all over, "I've got them all on!"

He was extremely vague about personal matters, money matters, and time. For the latter he showed not the smallest respect, and many are the stories told of consequences. But notwithstanding all delinquencies he was greatly beloved by his patients.

DR. SIMPSON

When I was talking to Professor Pillans one day he gave me an interesting account of his own instrumentality in determining Simpson to study medicine. It seems that the Stuart bursary was going a-begging for want of a candidate of that name coming forward. Failing the name of Stuart, the next name on the list was Simpson. Still no one coming forward of that name, Professor Pillans took James Simpson aside and persuaded him to apply as a candidate, and no opponents appearing on the field he carried it, and gained the purse of ten or twelve pounds. This proved to be the turning-point in his life, as he was encouraged to study medicine from that time. Some years later, in 1847, when he had just been elected to the Chair of Gynæcology, he met his old friend Pillans, who congratulated him on his recent election and simultaneous marriage. Professor Simpson then told him that he had to thank him a great deal for his election to the Chair, upon which Professor Pillans expressed surprise, as he had not moved in the matter. Simpson then told him that but for the bursary he would undoubtedly have gone back to *bake baps with his father in Bathgate*, whereas it had inspired him to pursue study, and he had chosen there and then the medical profession. While canvassing for his election he was surprised into matrimony from the fear of losing a certain number of votes on the ground that he was not a married man. "Will you give me your vote if I am married?" said he to one of the electors. "Yes," was the reply, so

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off he started that night for Liverpool, plunged headlong into the peaceful abode of his cousins, sent them all crazy, had no time to waste in considerations or thought to give to settlements, but carried off his wife by capture next day, then proceeded to gather up the threatened votes, and came out of it all triumphantly. It is only fair to say he had been engaged to his cousin, Miss Grindlay, for some time, and that they were only waiting for fortunes to mend.

Many are the stories told of his introduction of chloroform, when he and his assistants would be found at midnight lying unconscious under the dining-room table by the butler. At the time when it came into use it was not hailed with any joy on the part of the Scottish clergy, who considered it a contravention of God's decree that in *sorrow* women were to bring forth children in consequence of Eve's fall. The professor met this by pointing out Scriptural authority for sleep when the first woman was created. The Almighty did not put Adam to the pain of having his rib taken out while conscious, but first caused a deep sleep to fall upon him. "Then He took one of his ribs and closed up the flesh thereof." This explanation proving satisfactory, no further objection was ever raised.

Meanwhile, owing to the overwhelming work going on at 52 Queen Street, my betrothed could spare but little time for the attentions and graces expected of him at 1 Doune Terrace. When the summer came round I went forth with my twin

EDEN

sister to pay a few visits in the Highlands. There was no railway in these days further than Perth, so to get to Coul, near Strathpeffer, we had to go by a wretched boat to Invergordon, then drive across country in carriages sent to meet us. After a tedious journey we were warmly welcomed by our four hostesses, Mrs. Douglas and her three daughters. They each led a separate and independent existence, having each their own fortunes, apartments, and maids. They were all very intellectual and much given to politics, the latter keeping the table lively when we assembled for meals.

Sometimes we were carried off in state to luncheon parties at Brahan Castle, Catswell, and other country houses in the neighbourhood, all of which entertainments we greatly enjoyed.

At the present time only one of our hostesses survives, Mrs. Douglas Bayley, who still remains one of my dearest friends.

On leaving Coul we had to drive back to Invergordon and take the horrible boat to Macduff, in Banffshire. There a carriage met us and drove us to Eden, where we met with a warm reception from Mr. and Mrs. Grant Duff (the parents of the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart). By the time we arrived the dinner hour was approaching, and we were told there was no possibility of our luggage coming till later. Not in the least disconcerted, we assured them we should enjoy dinner just as much in our travelling clothes, for after recent experiences we were famishing.

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Our dear hostess was delighted with this, and greatly amused after dinner when we two shabby girls danced "the barrel organ" in the midst of the gay throng. We were supposed to be a couple of wooden figures trying to clasp each other round the waist, but not quite succeeding, as we went stiffly round to the music of the organ. The dance music we managed with great effect from the laryngeal organs within our own throats, giving rise to a shrill shriek now and then, a bronchial wheeze sometimes, and at all times fearfully in and out of tune. Garcia, the greatest singing-master of the day, being present, was immensely amused, and afterwards congratulated us on our excellent ears!¹

A delightful vision of Mrs. Grant Duff appears before me now as she used to sit in her own corner, a picture of geniality wrapped in several scarves. These she would drop off or draw on as required. Most of the scarves were Indian, relics of the days when her husband was Resident at Sattara.

Alice, the only daughter, was a gay, sprightly girl, very highly accomplished, and at that time receiving singing lessons from Garcia.

When the weather was dull we used to go fishing with Ainslie Grant Duff, the elder son being far too scholarly even in these days to care about sport. However, the father made up for the son's deficiencies by taking us out to the shooting-ground—which he had carefully prepared

¹ Garcia has died since this was written, aged one hundred years.

MR. GRANT DUFF

—to teach us how to shoot with the Swiss rifle. When he considered we were sufficiently expert with this, the next step was rabbit-shooting with gun, keepers, and dogs. Luckily, nothing went wrong on these occasions, but the following year, when Tuckie was put through the drill, and taken into the woods for a shoot, she was told that when she heard the word “rabbit” called out she must look sharp, and be ready to fire. Presently the word “rabbit” rang out, and Tuckie, in a great terror, cocked her gun, *turned away her head*, and fired point-blank in among the beaters! Fortunately, no one was hurt, but the pride of the old gentleman, who had hoped for better things, was severely wounded. There was no more shooting for that young lady.

Another form of amusement was picnicking on various parts of the coast. Mrs. Grant Duff had her own particular carriage, or rather equipage, the horses being driven by a postilion in the good old-fashioned style. It was always considered a great honour to be invited to join her, but unfortunately she could never get any of us young ones to accept, as we all preferred what we were pleased to call the *bad behaviour carriages*!

Mr. Grant Duff *père* was a most courteous and delightful old gentleman, and took such a deep interest in my *fiancé* that he always inquired after the post came in if I had had a letter from my lover. Alas, the letters were so extremely rare from that busy quarter, that I began to feel rather ashamed, and at last adopted the convenient plan

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of writing my own love-letters and sending them to Dr. Priestley to post. After this I was no longer afraid to meet the inquiry, but taking the dear old gentleman aside, would read him the most charming passages. This plan proved very satisfactory to all, and caused not a little amusement when the device was disclosed.

After we had spent several weeks at Eden our father joined us, and then geological excursions were the order of the day, when Mountstuart Grant Duff, Garcia, Mr. H. Somers Maine,¹ and all the learned ones were glad to take the more serious part in the fun.

After spending an ideal month at Eden my father accompanied us to Fyvie Castle, in Aberdeenshire, to visit Colonel and Mrs. Gordon.² Here a new set of ideas occupied our minds, for the castle, one of the most perfect in Scotland, was haunted by a ghost. My twin and I indulged the hope of seeing the ghost, as our bedroom was in the ghostly quarter, but to the great disappointment of ourselves, and considerable annoyance of our father—who was curious about ghosts—we could never keep awake at the critical time. So the ghost was entirely lost on us!

One morning our host and hostess took us up to the garret to see the weeping stone, which for centuries had wept in bad weather, and dried its tears in fine. The garret in itself was worth

¹ Afterwards Sir Henry.

² This castle was built by Alexander Earl of Dunfermline, Chancellor of Scotland, who also built Pinkie in the sixteenth century.

FYVIE CASTLE

inspection, for it was a vast wilderness, full of curious old travelling-boxes and quaint things of long ago. There was a terrible legend to the effect that the Ladies of Fyvie would never give birth to a son.

A couple of years later these dear friends were among the most intimate of my early married life. Our simple beginnings were a source of great interest to them. They would occasionally drop in to lunch on Sundays, and knew that on all days there was a cordial welcome for them.

CHAPTER VII

At last the happy day, April 17th, 1856, arrived when we were permitted to go forth together to prepare a corner in the world for ourselves. The present was somewhat nebulous, but so were the constellations at one period of their brilliant existence. *My* "point d'appui" was the home. *His* success in the work he had before him, and for which he had been so well prepared.

Marriages in Scotland were usually performed at home in those days, so Bishop Terrot of St. Paul's came with his clerk bearing the register, and robed himself in some spare corner of the house.

I can see it all now passing as a vision, "glittering through a dream of things that were." The bride, arrayed in white silk (full evening dress), carried a bouquet presented by Jenny Lind, she and Otto Goldschmidt being among the guests.

The ceremony over, and after many little jokes on the part of the bishop as to "Priestley influence," etc., we adjourned to the dining-room for the breakfast, the good old wedding breakfast, speeches and all. While this was going on within, the customary crowd was gathering outside under the windows, keeping up the cry of "poor oot" (pour

OUR HONEYMOON

out), which was duly responded to by a shower of small coin on the departure of the couple.

At length we were in the train hurrying away from all we knew into the great unknown. On crossing the Tweed I wafted a kiss across the waters to that "Land of my home, my father's land, land where my soul was nourished," and in which I had lived such a happy girlhood.

I suppose it was because we were so innocent of all worldly affairs that we never felt oppressed with the sense of poverty. My husband had saved something out of his salary while with the professor, and had just received £50 for his share in editing Simpson's works, recently published. That formed our ready cash, and our sole capital was £1000 promised by my father to start us in life. So altogether we were very happy, and felt quite rich, although we fully realized the need to be careful.

In the course of a few days we found ourselves in Paris, and after doing the various sights and restaurants, felt it would be desirable to look up our relations, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Priestley, who had always been kind to my husband during his student days. They had a large *étage* which seemed to meander round the four sides of a courtyard. I was now launched into a new family life, entirely French, save for Monsieur, who had almost forgotten his English. Here we were most cordially welcomed, and introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chaplin, he the brother of Madame Priestley. They also had a charming *étage* and were very popular in society.

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He was the artist who painted the "Salon Rose" for the Empress Eugenie's private reception-room in the Tuileries. According to the *Petit Homme Rouge*, who describes it from memory in his book, "The Court of the Tuileries from 1850 to 1870,"¹ the theme represented the triumph of Flora. "In the centre of the ceiling there was a medallion portrait of the Empress enframed by a garland of roses held by the three Graces, around whom were scattered symbolical figures of the Arts. While one of the winged genii appeared bearing the infant Prince Imperial in a basket of flowers, others either drove away clouds or roused Aurora, whose roseate flush overspread the heavens, which descended to the cornices, where the painter had depicted some gilded trellis work wreathed with opening flowers."

He also painted some of the rooms at St. Cloud, and it is melancholy to think of the brief and brilliant existence of these works of art before they were destroyed by fire during the Commune in 1870, the former by the mob, the latter by the Prussians.

Needless to say, the two families combined to make things pleasant for us in a thoroughly French way, and showed us all the attention we desired. One day two tickets for the theatre arrived, and knowing no better I adorned myself with great delight in a dress I considered admirably suited to the occasion. After various little difficulties concerning the toilette were safely accomplished, we

¹ Published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.



AUNT JANET IN EARLY DAYS.

MADAME CHARLES PRIESTLEY

reached the theatre, but instead of passing to our seats quietly and unnoticed, as usual in our own country, my appearance in a low evening dress and opera cloak seemed to astonish the French, who were not accustomed to anything so gorgeous at a theatre! I shrank under their gaze, and much resented all the bonneted women around me. However, things settled down when Monsieur Chaplin came to take care of us. In future I would know how to dress for a Parisian theatre, which to me looked dirty, felt airless, and the people *pas distingués*. There is a pathetic interest in looking back to those days when family life was still unbroken. Now Madame Charles Priestley has left the square *étage* and lives alone, all her children being scattered save the one daughter Caroline, Madame le Grand, who lives in the next "Hôtel" to her, the two hotels having a united garden in the Avenue Gourgaud. In that pretty bit of Paris we still occasionally fraternize, and although many of the links have gone, the family interest remains still unbroken.

Our holiday having come to an end, we took leave of Paris and the friends who had been so kind to us, and hastened on to London. There in our new home we were joyously received by my twin sister Janet, my father's sister, Mrs. Wills—also called Janet—and her husband, Harry Wills, so well known in the literary world as Charles Dickens' partner and assistant editor of *Household Words*.

CHAPTER VIII

Our three weeks of honeymoon having now come to an end, we had to face the great experiment of the age, or of any age, that of getting on, breaking new ground, finding our feet in a new world. Our assets were that snug little thousand pounds lying at my father's bank, waiting to be drawn as required.

My husband's father could afford nothing in specie, as he had lost an ample fortune during some financial crisis in America, but of genial kindness there was an inexhaustible supply.

As a professional start Dr. Priestley had won the appointment of physician to the St. George's and St. James's Dispensary for women and children at the back of Regent Street. He had come to London a month before the marriage to contest the election against a doctor long resident and of good standing in Wimpole Street, and had won it. The salary was *nil*, but the appointment was an asset all the same.

During that time he had also, with the assistance of friends, fixed on a residence. It could scarcely be called "taking a house," but it was to look as if a house had been taken, therefore a resplendent brass plate adorned the door. By looking

OUR NEW HOME

up at the corner of the street the passer-by could, without much difficulty, discern that it was called Somerset Street, and as Portman Square was not far off, our address burst upon the world as—

16 SOMERSET STREET,
PORTMAN SQUARE.

Inside No. 16, Mr. and Mrs. James Mills undertook to let three rooms on the ground floor and three rooms in the attic, all furnished, to Dr. Priestley for the sum of £160 a year. For this sum Mr. Mills was to provide kitchen fire, attendance, cooking, plate and linen, china and glass. He was also to pay for the washing of the linen supplied, and to black boots and clean clothes.

Looking at the contract just now, as I write, it strikes me that Mr. and Mrs. James Mills could not have made much out of the agreement, but to their honour they did everything in their power to make life easy for us. He had been a butler in a high-class family, and she a high-class cook in a good family. As a manager, no less than as a cook, she was admirable, and established a standard for the rest of my life.

Hence all was ready for a beginning. There was the beautiful door with the imposing porch, ready to be opened by the still more imposing butler. What more could a fastidious public desire, and why did not the public at once see it? As time went on we began to get uneasy. We had determined to limit our expenses to £400 a

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year, but what after that? Meanwhile there was abundance of time for the young M.D. to write articles for *All the Year Round*, and to read. As the busy student had always regretted his enforced neglect of the more general education, he now plunged into Macaulay's "History of England," and other historical works. The social element still prevailed, and in our own appointed little place in nature that was a liberal education in itself.

The first evening party to which we were invited was one, the night after our arrival, given by Dr. and Mrs. Carpenter, who were then in residence at University Hall, Gordon Square. In the first room we entered, on the ground floor, there hung an oil painting of Dr. Joseph Priestley, among many other pictures of celebrated people. This was my first introduction to the discoverer of oxygen, who was a great-grand-uncle of my husband.

Upstairs we met with a warm reception as "the newly-married couple." Although the rooms were crammed with dungeons of learning and *savants* of every kind, I was struck with the gaiety and responsiveness of the company, who seemed all rushing about, eager to find the people they wished to talk to. The Wills' and my twin were there, and together the twins, as twins, afforded the philosophers a good deal of amusement from the extraordinary resemblance of one to the other, and the inevitable mistakes that followed. In the midst of the whirl a lady rushed up to my

ROBERT STEPHENSON

husband, exclaiming, "Dear Cousin William, I am so delighted to see you again ; introduce me to your wife immediately." This was Bessie Parkes, one of the most charming writers and advanced women of her day, advanced in the best sense. Her father was a well-known man in London society, Joseph Parkes, the taxing-master in Chancery. Her mother was a Priestley, lineally descended from Joseph Priestley, being a grand-daughter of that celebrated man, at whose death and funeral she was present, when eight years of age. She and my husband sprang from one common ancestor in the previous generation.

In the course of a few weeks another appointment fell to our lot, that of lecturer at the Grosvenor Place School of Medicine. It was under St. George's Hospital, but has since been swept away to make room for the extension of the hospital.

We began now to be quite hopeful, as this would bring the young lecturer within the notice of some of the older men, and in some degree test his capabilities.

Life in the meantime was being made very pleasant to us through the affection of the Wills' and the kindness of friends. Robert Stephenson, the great engineer, and son of the founder of railway engines, gave us a standing invitation for Sunday luncheons. At his house, 34 Gloucester Square, we met many interesting people, and it is curious to remember that in a discussion about the state of the Thames he explained that if

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*quay walls*¹ were built along both sides of the river it would increase the depth, as well as the flow of the river, and be of immense commercial value and benefit in every way. With our proverbial slowness we have got the length of a bit of embankment, and the authorities are only now awakening to the fact that the want of quay walls is losing us much of the world's commerce, as the big ships cannot come up through the shallows, and even the great P. and O.'s are threatening to leave Tilbury and go elsewhere. At the time we were living at Chalcots he discovered that some of us had never been to an opera, so he and my mother fixed a night when we were all to dine with him and go to Covent Garden afterwards. He had secured a large box on the first tier, and it turned out to be one of the brilliant nights with Mario and Grisi in "Norma," and made a great impression.

One day when Robert Stephenson was shown into my father's room he was amused to find the philosopher sitting to the Andalusian Maid for a portrait which she was cutting on a cameo. Greatly struck by her genius, he afterwards sent her a superb cameo brooch of immense size and classical design mounted in gold with pale blue enamel. He was only fifty-six years of age when he died in 1859 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

One of the memorable occasions at this time was a fish dinner at Greenwich given by Thackeray

¹ His own expression.



In P. Jan 1853
 I drew this on board the *Platina*
 yacht on the Holy Loch. The boy heard
 all of the *Chaliss* at the time and

drew the May after.

BY THE ANDALUSIAN MAID
 (MARY CHAMBERS).

CHARLES DICKENS

to my father and mother, who were paying us a visit, or rather seemed to be paying us a visit, as they always took the intervening floors of our house on their own account. It was arranged that all the family present in London were to be invited, so in addition to ourselves my twin and Tuckie were included among the guests. Miss Thackeray received us. My twin sat next to Wilkie Collins and had a brilliant time of it. I forget who fell to my share, but it was a great gathering of the writers of the day.

During this our first winter of married life, 1857, on January 6th, Charles Dickens gave his celebrated theatricals at Tavistock House. The play-bill lies before me, and announces:—

AN ENTIRELY NEW
ROMANTIC DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS,
BY MR. WILKIE COLLINS, CALLED
"THE FROZEN DEEP."

Charles Dickens took the part of Richard Wardour, Mark Lemon Lieut. Crayford, etc.

My aunt, Mrs. Wills, was Nurse Esther, a weird prophetess, and Scotch to the backbone. Her dress and make-up were so characteristic that she was overwhelmed by the eulogy excited. The performance went on for five nights in succession, and each night sixty or seventy stayed to supper, the whole winding up on the last night with a dance on the stage. There never was a more perfect thing than this little drama with its appointments, scenery, and acting all so

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admirable. Douglas Jerrold remarked to my aunt the last night that it was "too real, too painful, the men were sobbing, and Mark Lemon on the stage was crying every night, although he had seen and played in it so often."

Among the many relics of Charles Dickens bequeathed to me by Mrs. Wills I have come upon two of the plans of the house written out by Dickens himself, arranging where the guests were to sit. We happened to be there on one of the other nights, and I found myself sitting next M. Van de Weyer, the Belgian minister, who made himself most agreeable.

Another relic of these days is the following letter from Wilkie Collins addressed to Mr. Wills concerning the *Woman in White* :—

CHURCH HILL COTTAGE, BROADSTAIRS,
August 15th, 1859.

MY DEAR WILLS,

I send enclosed (and registered—for I should go distracted if it was lost) my first number. Please let me have duplicate proof as soon as possible, for I want to see something in connection with the story which is not a mass of confusion. It is an awfully long number, between eight or nine pages, but I must stagger the public into attention, if possible, at the outset. They shan't drop a number when I begin, if *I* can help it.

I have hit on a new title, in the course of a night walk to the North Foreland, which seems to me weird and striking—

WILKIE COLLINS

THE WOMAN IN WHITE,

valuable in this view—let us keep it.

My love to Dickens. How does he do? When will he write? Did he get my letter?

Have you got a house to let? I am at mortal enmity with my London landlord, and am resolved to leave him. Where am I to go next? "God He knows."

Ta-ta.

W. C.

A few months later, when "The Woman in White" was creating a great sensation, my twin wrote to Wilkie Collins saying she could not wait any longer, and must know the fate of Laura, etc. The following was the reply she received:—

12 HARLEY STREET, W.,
May 15th, 1860.

I beg to assure Miss Chambers, solemnly, that nobody about whom she is interested and over whom the undersigned can exercise benevolent control shall come to any harm. If she will look at the number published to-morrow she will see that Laura is *not* murdered, and in another week she will know that Anne Catherick *is* caught. In the same two numbers Miss Halcombe's whereabouts is satisfactorily ascertained and Miss Halcombe's recovery positively asserted.

If this categorical explanation be only half as acceptable to Miss Chambers as the perusal of

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Miss Chambers's note was to the lucky individual who has excited her interest in his story, that individual will consider these few lines as the most agreeable literary composition on which he has been engaged for many a long day past.

(Signed) WILKIE COLLINS.

Soon after this she met Wilkie again at her sister Mrs. Fred Lehmann's house at one of her informal dinners. She, Tuckie, and Mrs. Benzon were the only ladies, the gentlemen being Charles Dickens, John Foster, Wilkie and Charlie Collins, Sir Wentworth Dilke, Holman Hunt, Chorley,¹ Uncle Harry, and her father, Robert Chambers. In a letter she describes this dinner as brilliant, the conversation never flagged, and some of the stories told were inimitable. She continues, "I sat between Dickens—who took me down—and Charlie Collins, and my affections were quite divided between the two. In the evening Tuckie sang so divinely that Chorley wept, and Charles Dickens went down on his knees to beg for an encore, while others chased her all round the room supplicating and entreating, but in vain."

The following letter from Wilkie Collins gives an amusing glimpse behind the scenes of literary life.

¹ Music editor and critic for the *Athenæum*.

WILKIE COLLINS

THE FORT HOUSE, BROADSTAIRS,
September 14th, 1862.

MY DEAR WILLS,

Do you, or does Mrs. Wills, or does any kindly Scot to whom you can at once apply without trouble, know anything of *the neighbourhood of Dumfries*? My story will take me there next week—I am a total stranger to the locality—and I have no time to go and look for myself.

I don't want any elaborate description. I only want answers to *these* questions:—

Is the neighbourhood of Dumfries—say for five miles round—hilly or flat? Barren and heathy, or cultivated or fairly stocked with trees? Is it pretty scenery or not? Is it like any neighbourhood of any English town? Is it sprinkled with villages? or is it lonely? Are there any pretty cottages on the banks of the Nith in which I could put a married couple, anxious to escape observation, in their honeymoon? If so, what is the name of any village which would be near the said cottage? If the Nith won't do, the cottage can be put anywhere North, South, East, or West, so long as it is a few miles from Dumfries. Am I right in supposing Dumfries to be a thriving manufacturing town? and if so, what does it manufacture?

LASTLY, is there any mortal book, which you could send me by book-post, and from which I could crib the local knowledge which I want?

Meditate, I beseech you, on these questions, and forgive "No Name" for worrying you as well

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as me. If the worst comes to the worst, I must write from pure imagination—and won't the letters come pouring in *then* to correct my mistakes! There is nothing the British reader enjoys so much as catching his author in the wrong.

Where is Dickens? Will he be at Gadshill this week, and at the office on Wednesday? If this is so, I will send him up my second volume to read. I hear gladly from Beard, who has been staying here, that Georgina is better.

I have been taking a holiday, and am hard at work again. If you see Reade, tell him to be of good cheer. I shan't have done before this end of the year—perhaps not before the end of January.

Will you come here and tell me about Dumfries? One of my servants was kicked out yesterday, and the other is going to-morrow; but if you don't mind waiting on yourself, *I'll* black your boots. Ever yours,

W. C.

CHAPTER IX

THE time was now approaching for the break up of the summer session of the various medical schools, and we resolved to take a trip to Edinburgh, not only to visit our former homes, but to see the students capped, *i.e.* take their degrees at the University. The railway journey from London to Edinburgh at that time took twelve hours, and very trying it was. On the capping day we joined the multitude within a few rows of the Senate, where we could witness the ceremony and see our friends the professors. At the close of the proceedings, when the people were leaving, Professor Simpson began beckoning me to go up, and when I managed to answer the summons he took the cap of honour, and thrusting it on the top of my best bonnet, repeated with much gravity the Latin words that convert the medical student into the doctor of medicine. He now called on the secretary to bring a sheet of paper, and wrote on it—

To constitute
Mrs. Priestley M.D.

Whereupon all the professors signed their names and congratulated me on being the first lady

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doctor of the Edinburgh University! The professor, who was very fond of fun and liked to do things thoroughly, went off to the registry office, and on looking up old documents found that two king's or queen's physicians had power to confer M.D. degrees, and that this law had never been abrogated. The document in question was not only signed by two queen's physicians, but by the whole of the *Senatus Academicus*, therefore I was legally entitled to practise. This was enough for Dr. Simpson, who during our visit to his house took great delight in addressing me as "Doctora," introducing me as a *confrère* to foreign doctors, and in carrying me off in his carriage for consultations where another opinion was required! Hence I was consulted about several babies, and one case of acu-pressure, which I had never heard of before, and do not understand to this day.

In the natural course of time our first year of married life came to an end, and we could take stock of our possessions and weigh our prospects in the balance.

A few patients had strayed along throughout the year, and we held the two medical appointments. But we were minus the first £400, and plus a little son. To set off against that we opened a little ebony money-box in which I had collected the fees of the year, and found the total amounted to £60. This was considered by a family council to be singular good fortune!

Meanwhile, the world was rolling on much as usual. London I thought by no means beautiful.

MRS. BEECHER STOWE

Hyde Park was a bald, uninteresting wilderness until the mob kindly took it in hand and pulled down the railings. The great station at Paddington was in progress, and the underground railway proceeding. Victoria Station was not built, and the difficulties of traffic were great.

Round the corner from our abode lived Sir John and Lady Kirkland in one of the large houses in Portman Square. The former being related to my mother, they took us by the hand, so to say, and often dropped in to see how we were getting on. Sir John was at that time one of the ushers to the Prince Consort. Our first invitation to one of their big parties was a new experience to me of fashionable London life. On the card was "Small," "*Thé dansant*." When we got there it was immense, and we never saw the tea nor the dancing!

It was about this time we were invited by Mr. Henry Stevens (an American writer) to meet Mrs. Beecher Stowe. The whole world was then in a state of ferment about "Uncle Tom's Cabin," from the Queen on her throne to the slavey in her den.

The rooms were crowded when we arrived, and although we encountered many friends of the literary world, including the Wills', we got no sight of the guest of the evening. At last Mr. Stevens came up to me and said, "Now come and be introduced to Mrs. Beecher Stowe in the next room." I was just then feeling very happy in the midst of other authors, and begged to be

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let off, adding, "I can never bear to be introduced to lions." Thereupon he vanished and came back presently with Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and bringing her up said, addressing her, "Allow me to introduce you to the lady who does not like being introduced to lions." This broke the ice very pleasantly, and, subsiding into a chair beside me, we fell into light conversation.

A few years later, when the war between North and South was over and all the slaves emancipated, we met General Grant at the Rt. Hon. Mr. Beresford Hope's.

Among other distinguished Americans to whom we were introduced at this time were Longfellow, the poet, and Lady Franklin, widow of the Arctic explorer.

One day my twin and I were busily engaged in washing and getting up some fine old lace in our little back room, when we were told that Miss Catherine Sinclair and her sister, the Countess of Glasgow, were waiting to see us in the drawing-room. Miss Catherine and my twin were devoted friends, and I may say partners in mission work in Edinburgh. Their mission was giving lectures on health to young women and girls, Miss Catherine providing the funds, and my sister delivering the lectures under the advice and guidance of Dr. Andrew Combe. The Sinclair family we had long known in Edinburgh, and the friendship was now transferred to London and taken up and continued by Lady Glasgow. On one memorable evening at her house an amusing

LADY GLASGOW

incident occurred through my resemblance to my twin. I was standing near the door, hearing the people announced, when the name of a certain gallant colonel (whom I had never seen before) was called out, a name full of interest for me at the moment, as I knew he was just then very much in love with my twin. I felt his eye upon me, and the next moment he was by my side pouring forth a torrent of delight in finding me there. "When did you come to town?" he exclaimed.

I told him "not very long ago," and presently, in the most matter-of-fact way, asked to be allowed to introduce him to my husband. "Ah!" he said, laughing, "you are playing me a little trick; you are *not married!*"

"Oh yes, I am," I replied.

"Oh no, you are not," said he.

"Well, just ask Lady Glasgow."

"Where is she? Oh, there is Miss Catherine; I will ask her."

"Yes, she's married," said Miss Catherine.

He was still incredulous, whereupon we both went up to our hostess, who was greatly astonished when I appealed to her in these words: "Am I married or am I not married, Lady Glasgow?" Then, seizing my husband as he was passing along, I begged to present my lawful and irrevocable spouse!

When the trick was revealed it was to his infinite satisfaction, and we all had a great deal of fun out of the incident. The next time I met

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this brilliant soldier was many years later at a dinner party. He had distinguished himself at Tel-el-Kebir and was now a General and a K.C.B., but although we sat next to one another and could allude to previous friendship, neither he nor I could bring ourselves to refer to the girl he had loved and admired, for he knew too well, in the midst of his war-driven life, that she had gone to a premature grave.

But to return to the lace in the little back room. I had been told by Mrs. Procter—wife of Barry Cornwall—that the way to get up point lace was by using the claw of a lobster. This was a great success. Mrs. Procter, who was more intimate with my sister, Mrs. Fred Lehmann, than with myself, used frequently to undertake her old lace and get it up beautifully.

Adelaide Ann Procter, her gifted daughter, I sometimes met at the house of Mrs. Parkes, she and Bessie being as sisters, until Adelaide's death parted them. Her poems are among the gems of literature, and curiously enough, without much resemblance to myself, she was considered singularly like my twin. Both being highly intellectual women, they bore the same stamp, and neither lived far into the realms of maturity.

A curious instance of the mistakes which arose from the similarity between my twin and myself happened at the King's Cross railway station a few weeks after my marriage, when Professor Huxley met my sister going back to Edinburgh.

LORD BROUGHAM

"What! Mrs. Priestley," he exclaimed. "Going back to your father already?"

"Oh yes," she replied, unable to resist the fun. "I am tired of matrimony, and going back to my father!"

In these little pranks we were generally found out.

Some two years after this, about 1858 or 1859, my father was advised to send my twin to winter at Cannes on account of her health, which was always delicate, and in a letter to Mrs. Wills she gives the following account of her life:—

"Life continues delightful here. I am every bit as good as a married lady of the nineteenth century, and do all that is proper and right. I read religiously newspapers from Scotland, a whole week old at least, sent by papa in the goodness of his heart, and duly return my calls in Mrs. Woolfield's open carriage, and all goes on with a sort of easy conventionality which is quite charming. I had a very pleasant visit from Lord Brougham the other day. He stayed quite a long time, and went away calling me his 'dear child' and God-blessing me. When he went out at the door he put on his grey wide-awake the back to the front, exhibiting two worsted ends and tassels hanging over his face. Of course, he was oblivious of the fact, and I, feeling it would be wicked to have the street boys laughing at him, called out, 'My lord, you've got your hat on the wrong way.' 'Have I?' said he, in an absent sort of way; 'that's the second time to-day.'

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

“ You will be amused to hear that my friends contribute towards my support—indeed, I am like the man who lived upon samples. There is not a home-fed ham in the neighbourhood that a specimen is not sent in for breakfast, neatly cut and done up with parsley. Then both half and whole pheasants come in, jam, eggs, and even bread. They have all found out my unpractical ways, and consider me a helpless waif lost in lodgings. I have *cartes* on my mantelpiece with the different hours for feeding at the several houses of my friends, who expect me to walk in to any one of them.

“ The other day I was sitting on the mountain brow, under a large blue umbrella, reading the last Quarterly and quite absorbed in it, when I suddenly heard a voice call out, ‘ Oh, here’s Miss Chambers ; it’s Miss Chambers, Dr. Gunther ; Dr. Gunther, here’s Miss Chambers.’ I looked up and saw the little royal boy (Prince Leopold) on his donkey close by, in a state of the most flattering excitement at once more having come upon me. Of course, I advanced and shook hands with him, and was not a little amused when he said he thought if they came up my road they should find me ! It was a road I had shown them one day as my own discovery, where they had never been before. I remarked that it was such a steep and dangerous road I wondered they attempted it except on foot. ‘ Oh yes,’ said the prince, ‘ and Lady Bowater’s saddle came round and down she came ! ’ By this time Lady Bowater and Dr.

MRS. LOUDON

Gunther were getting nearer, and I went on to inquire into the accident, but found it nothing. The lady was uninjured, and it had done nothing more than give the merry prince a good laugh."

Among the pleasant houses we visited at this period was Mrs. Loudon's, in Porchester Terrace. As girls we were very fond of Agnes, the only child. When she came to stay with us in Scotland we all looked up to her, not only because she was essentially the English girl, but because she was so clever and had classical features. I cannot remember ever having seen Mr. Loudon, neither can I recollect ever having heard anything about him, and, girl-like, I had no curiosity to prompt me to fathom the mystery of his existence or non-existence, if mystery there was. At the evening parties given by Agnes and her mother we met all the celebrities of the day, among them Louis Blanc, who was an exile, after the French Revolution of 1848, and wrote "*De l'Organisation du Travail*," the origin of Trade Unionism. It was only recently, while drawing on the stores of memory for this story of the past, that I began for the first time to wonder who and what Mr. Loudon was, but as Agnes and her mother were long since dead and the coterie broken up, the wonder of the moment slipped quietly back into the shadows whence it sprang. Strange to say, only a few days later, while turning over a little rubbish-heap of my uncle Harry Wills' old MSS., I came upon a dirty-looking brown paper pamphlet pocked over with drippings of wax candle, almost

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too dirty to touch. On venturing to open it there lay before me "A Short Account of the Life and Writings of John Claudius Loudon," by his widow ! I always knew that she had written books on botany and gardening, but now, for the first time in all these long years, I learnt that he was the teacher, and she the faithful disciple of a great man. Turning over the page, I beheld the face of the man for the first time, so far as I am aware, in a beautiful engraving, the original of which must have been drawn by an able artist ; and there, traceable in his features, were those of Agnes, who died in 1864, to the grief of her husband, Markham Spofforth.

And the dirty little pamphlet, what else did it contain ? One of the most interesting histories of human life I ever remember to have riveted me to the winter fireside till the glow died out, and chill set in with the tragic death of the man.

When only twenty-four years of age he wrote a paper which excited a great deal of attention at the time, and might be of value even now, on "An immediate and effectual mode of raising the rental of the landed property of England ; and rendering Great Britain independent of other nations for a supply of bread corn."

He could not look over the surface of this fair globe of ours without seeing the vast need for improving the land. He saw *then* that we were all asleep, and did everything he could to waken up the landed proprietors, the farmers, and the nation to national wants.

JOHN CLAUDIUS LOUDON

He travelled through Russia over the death-strewn tracks of Napoleon, and through many countries, studying agricultural methods, and kept writing and working with ceaseless energy. In the midst of his work he fell a victim to rheumatic fever, after which his knee became ankylosed and his right arm intolerably painful. For this he submitted to shampooing, which was carried on with such vigour and stretching that the masseur succeeded in breaking his arm near the shoulder in such a way that it could never unite. Still, he went on using that arm and allowed nothing to interfere with his work. Some years later he found the crippled arm so much in his way that he determined to have it off, and here is the account of the operation in a single paragraph written by a friend after his death:—

“Mr. Loudon was a man of great fortitude and unwearied industry. The morning that Doctors Thompson and Lauder called upon him for the purpose of amputating his right arm, they met him in the garden, and asked if he had fully made up his mind to undergo the operation. ‘Oh yes, certainly,’ he said; ‘it was for that purpose I sent for you’; and added very coolly, ‘but you had better step in and just have a little lunch first before you begin.’ After lunch he walked upstairs quite composedly, talking to the doctors on general subjects. When all the ligatures were tied and everything complete, he was about to step downstairs, as a matter of course, to go on with his business; and the doctors

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had great difficulty to prevail upon him to go to bed."

No chloroform in these days, nor lethal aid of any kind. Not a word about nurses. No sign of previous preparation. No antiseptic treatment. How was it done? Did he sit on a chair, or recline calmly on a sofa? There is no indication that he even undressed! Was it human flesh and blood? Was this being with the luminous eyes and fine intellectual features made differently to other human beings in that he could have his arm amputated one moment, and want to come downstairs as a matter of course the next? Behind mere tenacity of purpose there must have been a spirit superhuman, something above and beyond the triumph of mind over matter.

In his efforts to get on with his work he employed at one time seven artists for his illustrations and two amanuenses, and "was frequently known to dictate to both at the same time!"¹ His life was finally cut short by lung disease, the knowledge of which only made him work the harder. Mrs. Loudon in her memoir describes the last moments thus:—

"He now appeared very ill, and told me he thought he should never live to finish 'Self-Instruction'; but that he would ask his friend Dr. Jamieson, to whom he had previously spoken on the subject, to finish the work for him. Soon after this he became very restless, and walked several times from the drawing-room to his

¹ "Life of John Claudius Loudon."

MIT BUCKLAND

bedroom and back again. I feel that I cannot continue these melancholy details; it is sufficient to say that, though his body became weaker every moment, his mind retained all its vigour to the last, and that he died standing on his feet. Fortunately, I perceived a change taking place in his countenance, and had just time to clasp my arms round him to save him from falling, when his head sank on my shoulder, and he was no more."

This, then, was the man to whose home we were always so cordially welcomed long after he was in his grave; and once more it is within the walls of this my treasure-house that the tale is mutely told, by the dead who return to speak, to live again.

Another charming English girl who used to visit us Scottish girls in Scotia's capital was Mit Buckland, eldest daughter of the Dean of Westminster of that period. There was nothing in the world she could not do, and nothing she did not know. Her long, slim waist was our admiration from the fit of her gowns, all of which were made by herself. Everything she wore was exquisitely made and embroidered by herself. Old point lace adorned her evening toilettes—all made by herself. When my brother used to come home after a day's shooting at the Bass Rock, she would lay hands on the Solan geese and set to work in the pantry to skin them for grebe muffs and boas for the family. I cannot say the process of dressing the skins was altogether fragrant, but as

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she kept them in her own bedroom no one could complain. Her brother, Dr. Frank Buckland, then regimental surgeon of the Blues, used to send her the horrible stuff with which the dressing was effected, while the skins were stretched and nailed all over her travelling-trunks!

When we came to reside in London the Deanery was one of our most delightful haunts. The staircase and most of the rooms formed a continuous museum, and on dining there it was necessary to be careful, as Frank had a friendly way of sending in dainties from his own private zoological collection. One evening we were all sitting out on the roof, when Frank came up and insisted on taking us to a spot where we were sure to see the ghost. We were told to keep quiet, and breathlessly followed Frank through the mazes of the Cathedral. The ghost did not appear, but the very sensation of stealing silently through the cloisters and wandering among the tombs in the dark can never be forgotten.

Another interesting girl companion of our youth was Zoé—I forget her surname, but she married Dr. Thompson, who became Archbishop of York. While resident in Oxford she was styled the Queen of Queen's, and was much admired. During the meeting of the British Association at that seat of learning she and the Provost of Queen's entertained my father and my twin, Dr. Priestley and myself at dinner, along with many interesting *savants*. It was at this meeting that my father was instrumental in persuading Huxley

HUXLEY

to be present at the Bishop of Oxford's attack on the new cult concerning the origin of species, he having expressed his intention of not being present. The triumph for the Darwinians on the occasion is well known and fully explained in the "Life of Huxley" by his son.

Without attempting to be too chronological, I think it was in the second year of our marriage that a third appointment, that of consulting physician to the Marylebone Infirmary, fell to our lot and afforded further hopefulness. Practice, too, was on the increase, as indicated by the money-box, which, on being opened at the end of the second year, revealed gleanings to the extent of £150. We had now come very near the end of our capital, which still left us a balance of £200. We stood thus with the third year facing us and with two extra mouths to feed (the nurse and child):—

Balance	£200
Professional fees gathered up	210
Cash	50
							<hr/>
							£460
							<hr/>

As there was no reason to suppose practice would diminish, we faced the world cheerfully, more especially as the various little appointments were bringing my husband under the notice of his professional brethren. At this time we knew few London doctors, and those were mostly old friends of my father. Chief among these were Sir James Clarke, always very kind and

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interested, Dr. Neill Arnott, Sir Charles Locock, Sir William Fergusson, Sir Henry Thompson, and Dr. Murchison.

Now, strange to say, it was at the beginning of the third year that my husband seemed to rush into practice as if some spell had been broken. Indirectly through his lectures at the Grosvenor Place School of Medicine he received an appointment at the Middlesex Hospital as lecturer on the diseases of women and children, with charge of a ward.

At the end of our third year the dear little money-box was swallowed up by the Union Bank of London, and, after languishing in the background a few years, dissolved into space, as other material things are apt to do if neglected. It now survives as an interesting memory only.

CHAPTER X

It is now the year 1863, the month is March, and we have been nearly seven years married. For the last four years we had enjoyed the luxury of a house of our own opposite to the Mills', and had suffered the sorrow of losing our first little girl. It was now found desirable as our fortunes improved to migrate to a better quarter, hence we were established in 17 Hertford Street, Mayfair, within a few doors of Dr. Arthur Farre on the one side and Sir Charles Locock on the other.

Our professional income had now reached £1,600 a year, and was rapidly increasing, but owing to the expenses involved by the change we were landed in a debt of £500.

However, as the rent was at that time moderate (it was doubled at the end of the lease), our immediate relatives thought we were fully justified in making the venture. Besides, my husband, with the great good-fortune which had so far pursued him, had now blossomed forth as a professor, having been appointed to fill the Chair of Gynæcology (vacated by Dr. Farre) at King's College, with charge of the Nightingale wards in the hospital.

So all was going well with us. My parents had

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left Edinburgh for good, and had settled down at Verulam House, a charming residence in St. John's Wood, which became a centre of interest for family and friends.

Meanwhile, in the brightest of skies a little cloud was gathering, but we scarcely noticed it, for all the world was gay, and could think of nothing but the lovely Danish bride who was passing through London to wed the Prince of Wales.

We had seats at a window in Piccadilly, but my husband was joyless among the joyful and looked ill. Work had thickened upon him, and we thought it was over-fatigue. That night he was called out to attend a case and got home about eleven o'clock next morning. The dining-room was full of people waiting to see him, and he thought after a little rest he might be able to attend to them. He lay down on his bed without undressing, and being naturally of a calm disposition, thought he would be quite well soon. At this point Dr. Arthur Farre called and wished to see him, but when he tried to get up he fell back fainting. I immediately sent for Dr. Farre to come upstairs, and on my own responsibility cleared the house of the "ladies in waiting," as my father used to call them. Dr. Farre was aghast to see his *confrère* looking so ill, and, on making an examination of his throat, did not like the appearance. Drawing me aside, he advised me to take matters in hand at once and get Jenner to come and see him. Dr. West, who was attending our

DIPHTHERIA

children, volunteered to take general charge of the case, for it had now been pronounced diphtheria. He also undertook to give the first course of lectures for him at King's College, and be the *locum tenens* so far as possible.

It turned out that my husband had caught the infection from the children of a lady he was attending, and although he only saw them once and pronounced the illness diphtheria, the mischief was done. Alas, what those few minutes cost us! but these are the chances that doctors have to take.

Throughout the family and circle of friends fearful consternation ensued. I sent my children off to Verulam House, and never saw them again for weeks. Every servant I could spare was sent away to reduce the danger of infection. And now I had to face the terrors of the day and of the night alone. These were not the days of trained nurses, and throughout the long fight I only once succeeded in persuading a nurse to come for a few days, but she drank all the brandy and was useless.

The first week was a terrible experience, for every hour made matters worse. I was so panic-stricken one night when my poor husband looked blue and cadaverous after a fit of choking, that I wrapped myself in a cloak and rushed down to Dr. Farre's at No. 12, and finding him in his room exclaimed, "Oh, Dr. Farre, I fear he will die in the night if another fit of choking comes on."

"In all probability he will, my child, but you

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are doing your best, and there is nothing more that can be done."

Back I flew to take up the awful vigil alone. Mercifully, while in the sick-room I never broke down, but was given supernatural strength to bear the work. My one idea was never to let him lose hope, nor imagine he was dying, and indeed his natural serenity was so remarkable that I was fain to believe I succeeded, till early one morning he calmly told me what to do in the event of his death! I had already thought of this contingency with the additional possibility of my own death from the same cause, and had written my father a letter committing our children to his care, and desiring that my twin should be their mother and send them to a school in which she was deeply interested. This was my will, written in the most solemn moments of my life, and I knew it was a will that would not be easily upset.

There was something inexpressibly strange in the feeling of dumb resignation that came over me at this time. Our married life had been so happy that my dear father used to say it was a marriage made in heaven. Life was so rosy! and, like a rose, was unfolding itself under the genial warmth of prosperity, giving glimpses of better things to come with fuller maturity. Maturity? No, that was not to be ours; we could not even hope to be a memory to our children. All was rapidly passing away from us.

Nothing surprised me more than to feel still perfectly well as hour after hour went on. Every

THE SICK-ROOM

morning when the doctors assembled they examined my throat in the adjoining room before entering the sick-room, which was on the drawing-room floor. I can see now—with a clearness time cannot dim—the face of Dr. Jenner (not yet Sir William) as he stood at the bedside, gazing anxiously and silently at his patient. Then his small eyes would turn ominously round the room, taking in the surroundings, of which he highly disapproved. The room was as we found it and ideally beautiful, but deadly in case of sickness. It had been prepared for Lady Mary Craven on her marriage. The walls were thickly padded to deaden sound, and were covered with blue damask quilted in with gilt rose buttons. The bed and windows were furnished with the same damask, the effect of which was most luxurious. In the canopy of the bed a mahogany toilette tray would descend on drawing a cord, and would remain suspended high or low as desired, being supported by heavy weights at the back. The room was octagon, and was reached either through the drawing-room or bathroom which led to the back stairs. This was the room severely condemned by the leading doctors of the day. The patient for a fortnight was too ill to be moved, but the drawing-room was prepared as a model sick-room when the proper moment should arrive.

The doctors, who were keenly sensible of the danger to myself, now insisted that I should go out for an hour every day, and, further, that I should sleep upstairs, while medical friends would

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take it in turn to sit up all night. This was a terrible trial to me, as all my self-possession broke down outside the sick-room. My nights were spent in weeping, and every day when my twin came to take me out for a drive I could do nothing but cry. How well I remember the exquisite sensibility that prompted her when we had to pass a funeral to divert my attention the other way! Little we thought then that before the year was out I should be spared and she taken!

At last the crisis was past, and it became possible to make the move into the properly appointed, carpetless, curtainless, model sick-room. The housemaid who helped me throughout had everything ready when, extraordinary to relate, the bedroom chimney took fire and was belching forth smoke into the room. In a moment I threw something over the invalid's head, and in another moment was safely wheeling him into the next room and away into the room beyond, where the smoke could not reach us. I felt so thankful that the rescue was effected at the very moment when all was ready, that the fact of the chimney being on fire gave me not the smallest concern.

During the whole of this time the sympathy and kindness manifested by friends in and out of the profession and by relatives was extraordinary. In Edinburgh, where my husband was so much loved and esteemed, a bulletin was put up daily outside the door of 52 Queen Street. The professor telegraphed for news every day, and the commotion was great. At home the house was

BELLEVUE

besieged with inquiries, and friends sent every imaginable thing for the invalid, from champagne and the finest 100-year-old brandy to Chinese birds'-nest soup. It was overwhelming, but extremely gratifying, and did much to cheer me up.

In these days the true cause of the disease was unknown, and there was no merciful antidote in the serum which is now employed to stay the fell action of the living and invisible parasites. We had simply to face the effects of a mysterious toxin which had power to play havoc with the nerves, destroying apparently their continuity like a silken thread worn to breaking point, and when severed causing paralysis. It was tragic to see the loss of power spreading gradually over the body.

The feeding was a difficulty, the eyes squinted, the hands were helpless, the feet tottering. At this point the doctors, influenced by Dr. Guéneau de Mussy, advised his going to a hydropathic establishment at Bellevue, near Meudon, six miles from Paris, not for the sake of the water cure, but because the French doctors had a larger experience of diphtheric paralysis than the English, and, anyhow, he would have men to lift him and to wheel him about in such a place.

After a short sojourn at Brighton all was arranged for our journey to Paris. My twin preceded us, and took up her quarters with Miss Douglas, who was residing in Paris at that time. She made all the necessary arrangements for our advent at the Grand Hotel and departure next day for Dr. Bourignon's establishment at Bellevue.

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Aunt Janet and Uncle Harry (Mr. and Mrs. Wills) accompanied us to Folkestone and saw us off in the boat the following morning. My husband at this stage was practically helpless and had to be carried on a chair or in porters' arms everywhere. When we arrived at Boulogne a medical friend was waiting to receive us, and was horrified to find that the two porters who lifted him from the boat thought he was drunk owing to his vain efforts to explain matters, and consequently bundled him on to the ground like a bale of goods. I had been separated by the crowd, and saw it in great distress of mind. However, he was soon in more merciful hands, and carried tenderly to a boarding-house close by, where we had every attention and comfort.

In Paris the faithful twin was waiting to receive us with servants and a medical friend. Next day we were at our destination. The *établissement* was an old-fashioned house with large dining-hall and a garden celebrated for the magnificent view of Paris. A few years later this arcadia fell into the hands of the Prussians, whose one idea was dealing death from the terrace on which we had spent many days in balmy slumbers, seeking health and trying to woo back life.

It was the month of May, and we were foreigners in a strange land, but the recipients of untold kindness and endless sympathy. At first the invalid could be carried to his place at table and I could feed him; then came a time when his place was left vacant and I alone appeared, but

DR. ALEXANDER SIMPSON

at first with my twin for company. She hoped to help in the nursing, but this was impossible. Seeing that the nursing was becoming more arduous as the paralysis increased, she hastened to London to secure a nurse and send her on, but no nurse could be induced to go so far. Meanwhile her health had given way and the reports became grave. Before the real note of alarm was struck my mother came out to join me, but her health also broke down, and I was glad to send her home. Men nurses were put on night duty, but this was no relief to me, for I could too plainly *hear* them sleeping while trying to sleep myself in the adjoining room. Hence midnight vigilance on my part was never relaxed till the tide turned, and I can now remember the sense of neglected duty from which I suffered for a long time after being able to go to bed in the usual way.

While my husband was getting deeper and deeper into the abyss which threatened to hold him for ever, the bulletins from home were more and more deplorable. My father, too, was now ill, and for some hours my stoicism gave way. Matters were in this state when a visitor was announced, a "monsieur from Angleterre." This was Dr. Alexander Simpson,¹ nephew of the professor, who was sent as an envoy plenipotentiary to bring back particulars as to the condition of Dr. Priestley and his surroundings. He had recently seen my father in Edinburgh, and with some difficulty told me that the Edinburgh

¹ Now Sir Alexander.

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physicians—with whom he had had a consultation—considered he was suffering from a mortal complaint! I felt in despair, for all those I loved best on earth appeared to be dying around me. The links in the family chain that had held us together so long were breaking.

I longed to fly to them, but was held back by the higher duty, and, truth to say, the more urgent necessity. I could picture my mother in the one room, my twin in another, both doomed, and my little children playing merrily in the garden outside.

August had now come, and my husband lay in a state of complete paralysis, when fever set in and he complained of pain in his throat. I looked at the throat, and was horrified to see there was a growth upon it like a mild form of the original diphtheric growth. I wrote to Dr. Guéneau de Mussy and also, I think, to Dr. Jenner, describing it as a “baby diphtheria.” They immediately became alarmed, and after consulting together, telegraphed to the two leading physicians in Paris, who had seen him on his first arrival. Consequently, the next day my heart was uplifted by the arrival of Drs. Roget and Trousseau. I was present during the consultation, which was conducted entirely in French, but by this time my ear had become so accustomed to that language from hearing no other, that I could understand all that was said, and more especially that which was unsaid. The fever was very high and the invalid unable to articulate. The doctors were extremely anxious to ascertain what he, as a

THE CRISIS

doctor, thought of his own case. I handed him the slate, and he was able to write in French that in his experience an attack of high fever with throat affection such as this meant death or the beginning of recovery. They all agreed, and I was left once more to gather myself together and be ready for either contingency. It was an awful crisis, a time of trembling anxiety, but in a few days it turned in favour of life.

Every morning the resident doctors tried their galvanic battery on his feet, and I shall never forget my joy when the big toe of one foot began to move. From this time muscular power began to come back, and recovery slowly set in. I rose gladly every night to give him his *bouillon* while the man nurse lay snoring on the floor. Our great longing was now to get nearer home, although the prospect of returning to work seemed woefully far off. When the hour of our departure at length came, all the people of the *établissement* turned out to bid us adieu, and the scene was more like a wedding than that of an invalid simply moving to another spot. Bouquets were heaped upon us, hands of many nations shook ours, some shouted, women wept and kissed me. Never was there an *entente* so cordial. The demonstration showed how deeply they had all felt for *les Anglais*.

When we arrived at Boulogne we knew we should be well cared for at the boarding-house where we had rested before. It belonged to a man who had been for years in the service of Queen Victoria as caterer or manager of some

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department that qualified him as a first-class host. His daughter was called Victoria after her god-mother, the Queen. With our medical friend on the spot we were content there to abide, for no Grand Hotel was ever more comfortable.

Here, then, we were content to remain for the moment, but the constant outlook towards England, and the one diversion of seeing the daily boats going off, proved more than we could bear, so, ordering our house in Hertford Street to be got ready, we returned to our home, where my aunt, Mrs. Wills, and our children were waiting to receive us. But alas! when our medical friends began dropping in to visit their *confrère*, they soon recognized that work was impossible, and passed sentence of banishment once more. Reluctant to go far from the dear invalids at Verulam House, we had permission to try the air of Tunbridge Wells, and accordingly took a small house in Clarence Terrace, where we could at least have our children with us.

It was from here I was summoned to my mother's death-bed. In grief I started by the first train, and arrived in London late that night. At Verulam House I found the family astir, stealing softly about in the subdued atmosphere of death. My dear mother recognized me, and asked, "How is Priestley?" These were her last consecutive words, but she was more or less conscious till the moment of her death next morning.

It was now October, and after spending a

A SAD PARTING

melancholy week with my sick father and my suffering twin, I had to return to my post. Janet (my twin) had been moved down to the drawing-room at the request of the doctors, who said she might have to be there all the winter. Before carrying her down she had been taken into her mother's room for the last embrace, for both knew they would never meet again. So there I left her pillowed up in bed, encircled in a mantle of long fair hair, which sparkled in the sunlight with every movement. The yellow satin curtains of the room also caught the light, and seemed to add an unearthly glory to the scene. In front of her bed the fountain was playing among the plants in the conservatory, and formed a running accompaniment to our leave-taking as we blew kisses across to each other on parting. Thus I gradually receded away from my twin for ever. The doctor had assured me I could safely leave, as there was no immediate danger, but that spiritual face told another tale, and my heart was full of woe. Still I had to go.

It was now evident that my husband was making very slow progress, and as sea air was recommended he preferred going back to Boulogne, where he had every care and attention, with better and more wholesome cooking than any seaside hotel in England could afford invalids at that period.

Three weeks later a storm was raging in the Channel, and I was watching the Folkestone boat appearing and disappearing in the surf and mist, as it fought to clear the bar and get in, when a

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telegram was handed to me. This was another messenger of death. Janet was dying. The internal abscess from which she had been suffering burst on the very morning fixed for the operation. She wished to see me. I longed to go, I would have risked my life, but no boat would start! I passed the day in inexpressible agony of mind, telegrams following one another—"She is always asking if you have come" said one—till finally towards evening all was over. She died a month after her mother, and was laid in the same grave at the age of twenty-seven.

Meanwhile the storm continued to rage, and there was no hope of my ever seeing her dear face again, even in its last sleep. The following letter from my aunt, Mrs. Wills, reached me while the storm still raged:—

"There are no words to tell you how full our hearts are of tender pity for you in this trying crisis. Every hour almost we have been hoping you would be here. We never for a moment forgot that of all the sufferers you are the one most to be sympathized with; we are all here, and we know all that has taken place in its mournful details, but you are helpless, longing to be with us, and no human power can help you. . . . The consolation of seeing her sweet face even in death will be denied you."

Over the further details we must draw a veil, but the following letters, showing the estimation in which she was held by those even outside the home circle, may have a special interest:—

JANET CHAMBERS

From MISS CATHERINE SINCLAIR.

Monday, November 2nd, 1863.

DEAR MR. CHAMBERS,

You have been much in my thoughts lately, and with a degree of sorrowful sympathy not to be expressed. No one estimated more deeply than I the admirable gifts and graces which rendered Janet Chambers a name of almost magical interest to all who knew her—to know her was to love her, and a more attractive character I never knew. During her short life, how much good she has done! and how unostentatiously she did it! I owe much to the assistance and management she gave in first establishing my Industrial School, where she was beloved and respected by the pupils with perfect enthusiasm. She visited it with me every Saturday, and her arrival was hailed with delight by the whole school. Her addresses to the girls were full of genius and invariably appropriate, while she enlivened all she said with a degree of humour and good-humour peculiar to herself. She will be deeply lamented by all my girls, who can scarcely yet believe that one so bright and so gifted is no more. Lady Glasgow and I shall long remember our last visit to her bedroom, when she looked already quite angelic, but we little apprehended then that we should see her no more.

Who ever had a happier home than you, when I look back a very few years upon old times when your promising family were all in health and prosperity round your cheerful fireside?

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I am most anxious to hear whether there be any hope, that in leaving the scene of so much sorrow, you will again restore yourself to Edinburgh, where you are so cordially estimated and so intimately known. My brother, Sir George (*who will mourn with you now*), has suffered deeply in the loss of his lovely granddaughter, his wife, and his sister, but he promises to come this winter to us for consolation, and I wish you would meet him in Edin. Lady Glasgow desires to unite with me in kindest sympathy and

Believe me, Dear Sir,

Yours in heartfelt sorrow,

CATHERINE SINCLAIR.

From J. S. BLACKIE (Professor of Greek).

24 HILL STREET, EDINBURGH,

November 15th, 1863.

The press of business has prevented me from fully realizing the great blank to myself occasioned by the removal of your noble daughter. I count it as one of the greatest blessings of my life to have known intimately a woman at once so pure in heart, so lofty in intellect, so firm in character, so cheerful in disposition, so graceful and commonly dignified in every act of life. I dare not dwell on her departure without bringing tears to my eyes; but there is no bitterness in such tears: they exercise rather a sacred power over me, which no radiance of common worldly joy, even the brightest, could confer.

I hear a report that you are soon to leave London, and return to the land you love, and

PROFESSOR BLACKIE

which, I am sure, loves you. If this be so, I hope you will frequently give us the pleasure of seeing you, and afford us an opportunity of showing with how much more than ordinary friendship we regard the father of Janet Chambers.

Believe me,

My dear Chambers,

Ever yours,

Most sincerely,

JOHN S. BLACKIE.

The distinguished man to whom she was engaged at the time of her death sent an artist to take a cast of her face with a view to having a marble bust made for my father, but as he had never seen my twin during her life he expressed the wish that I should give him one or two sittings, which I eventually did. On arriving at the studio by appointment, the artist came forward carrying the cast to show me, but in that white lifeless thing I could see nothing to associate it with the radiant face I had beheld only a few weeks before, with the golden hair waving around it. But as I gazed, fascinated, I felt the dew of faintness breaking over me, and all the world vanishing, for in that cold image I saw my own face dead!

On the measurements being taken they were found to be identical. In the course of time a beautiful marble bust was sent to my father, and a *bas-relief*, mounted in a handsome oak case with brass-mounted doors, was sent to myself by the same donor as a memento of my twin.

As soon as it was possible we decided to return

PART THE SECOND

CHAPTER I

ON coming back to the world after our long sojourn in the valleys overshadowed by sickness and death, I was conscious of certain new experiences not altogether uninteresting to look back on.

At first the independence of my husband was a source of trouble to me, for I could not all at once become accustomed to the fact that my babe of a year had escaped from bondage and burst forth on the world an independent being. Then I was still pursued with the constant desire to write every passing thought to my twin, and was often haunted by her sweet voice singing "Young Love among the roses," the last song I ever heard her sing.

Neither could I easily break with the habit of confiding all little domestic troubles to my mother. Deeply affected by the awful silence, I felt that some convulsion of nature had taken place and left me stranded where I stood. Still, notwithstanding the alarming independence of the *physician*, there remained the *husband's* trusting dependence on the wife which every physician

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

feels when merged in the business that centres in the home, goes on around the home, and yet is more or less outside the home life. Thus it falls to the doctor's wife so to arrange the home that her husband can command peace of mind as much in the professional as in the domestic routine of daily life. She ought, in fact, to be "the guardian angel sitting on the ladder of her husband's fame," as Victor Hugo's wife was said to be.

My father, who was now under our roof, was necessarily, in his feeble state of health, a great charge; but it was delightful to feel he was placidly happy, surrounded by his own books and interested in the busy life going on around him. He was so gentle, so gladly obedient and trusting, that our relations of only a year ago had become reversed, for he was now the child, and I once more had become the mother of a full-grown man!

His occupations now were very different to those to which he was accustomed for so many years of his life. Instead of going to his study both before and immediately after breakfast, to write for the whole forenoon, his pen lay idle, and his time was passed at the Athenæum Club, in reading, and in visits to the S. C. Halls, where spiritual manifestations took place under the influence of Mr. Home, the celebrated medium. These uncanny *séances* came to an end a few years later (at the time when my father was living at St. Andrew's), owing to the *cause célèbre* which exposed the medium, and made him restore the



A. Chandler

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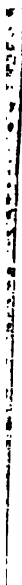
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Alfred Russel Wallace.

C. Brown.

A. Chambers.



HENRY WILLS

money he had obtained *spiritually* from a widow, Mrs. Lyon, who had obeyed the spirit of her deceased husband by handing him over £30,000 !

A source of great solace to my father was the friendship of his sister, Mrs. Wills, and her husband, "Uncle Harry," the brightest and most delightful companion. He was then in partnership with Charles Dickens in *All the Year Round*, and assistant-editor of that journal. He was a man of boundless energy and spirit, the man of whom Thackeray said, when looking for an assistant-editor for the *Cornhill Magazine*, "If there were only another Wills, my fortune would be made!" He adored his wife and loved her relations. There was nothing he would not do for those he loved, and happy were they who came within the sphere of his influence. He was passionately fond of hunting, and as he knew that it amused my children to see him in pink, he would do his utmost to dash into the nursery in passing, and with a "Tally-ho" would soon be leading the field over chairs, stools, and toys, in full cry after an imaginary fox. The chase might not last longer than a few minutes, but he always considered the time and energy well spent in the pleasure it gave. Considering the brain work, which was always at high pressure, it is extraordinary how he found time to devote to his family, helping those near and far in a variety of ways. He considered his wife the cleverest and most delightful woman living, and the greatest wit. At the time she married Mr. Wills he was assistant editor of the

MRS. WILLS

my mother in acknowledgment of some short-bread :—

There never was such bread before,
So crisp, so nice, so rare,
Sure this must be the daily bread
We ask for in the prayer.

Yet with arrangements as they are,
That would not well comport ;
For grumbling people then would say
Their bread was rather *short*.

But still we must not quite forget
The burden of the song,
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little *long*.

In the course of time and as fortunes improved, the Wills' moved by gradual and cautious stages from villa to villa, till they arrived at their pretty house in Regent's Park Terrace, which brings them up to the period at present reached in my story. The little "evenings" had given place to little dinners, which were never formal, but exquisitely arranged, as my aunt was fastidious in matters pertaining to the table, and in person was always as neat as an ermine, as the Americans say. One night at their house I was sitting next to Dickens, who had come to meet Count Tolstoy at dinner,¹ when the conversation turned on maternal instinct, and *per contra* the child's divine instinct of love for the mother. In the midst of the discussion for and against, I plunged in with a little experience of my own, which seemed to *bouleverser* both sides

¹ Not Tolstoi, the novelist, but literary, nevertheless.

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

of the question. It was this. When my first child was a few months old, my twin arrived on a visit, and as it was about time the child was awaking from his morning sleep, we slipped quietly into the nursery together to await events. My twin stationed herself at the head of the bed, ready to kiss the child, while I kept out of sight at the bottom. Presently the little man awoke, and seeing what he took to be his mother, stretched out his hands and drew himself into her arms. Just at that moment he saw me emerge, his lip fell, a cry of terror went up, and turning away from me, he clung shrieking round the neck of the wrong mother! It was difficult to say where the divine instinct came in, more particularly as the child before the day was over had calmly accepted both mothers, showing no more favour to the one than to the other, although he was afraid of strangers. Dickens was against any theory of divine instinct, and thought my experience confirmed his view.

At this time the Fred Lehmanns were living in Westbourne Terrace, and with their combined talents were able to gather round them the chief celebrities of the musical and literary world. Owing to early friendship with the young Dickenses, my sister, Mrs. Fred Lehmann, and the two daughters, Mary and Katherine Dickens—Mamie and Kitty—remained inseparable friends to the end of their lives. This formed another link, and brought us all together at the odd moments of our increasingly busy life.

“ SUSAN ”

At this period there happened to be living in London a lady whom all knew who were in any way associated with literature, as she had a craze for knowing literary people and artists of every kind. I need not mention her name, although she and her husband have been dead for years, as it will equally answer the purpose if I call her Susan. Susan was a great invalid and had a ghastly look, and although unable to push about bodily, was determined to be known among the celebrities she idealized. So she lay on her couch all day embroidering and weaving the most exquisite things, which in due course found their way, accompanied by flattering letters, to the various objects of her worship. Thus it came about that at my sister's house one evening every one of the guests sitting round the dinner-table had received a present from Susan, the universal admirer! Although it is nearly forty years ago, and I am the only person living who was present, I remember the occasion very well.

The guests were (Sir Charles) Hallé, next to whom I sat, Chorley, the musical critic, Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Sir Edwin Landseer, Mrs. Procter, and ourselves. The party was quite informal. Some one began admiring Wilkie's beautiful embroidered waistcoat (I think it was Wilkie who had the waistcoat), when he mentioned with great pride having received it from Susan. "Oh," said my husband, "pray don't think you are the only honoured person; look at my handkerchief," showing the initials beautifully

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

embroidered. Then all the other guests, including host and hostess, followed, being able to mention slippers, smoking caps, etc. Not many years after this my husband received a confidential little note from the great Susan, asking the loan of a small sum, two or three hundred pounds, as her husband refused to give her a penny, and in return for the loan she would undertake to make a codicil to her will leaving him double the sum with interest. This transaction he declined to touch, so others were tried, but in vain, till a well-known portrait painter fell into the trap and advanced the money. His wife told me afterwards that the first shock they received was the arrival of exquisite presents for her husband, self, and every one of the children! The second shock was the death of Susan, the repudiation of the debt by Mr. Susan, no codicil, nothing, in fact, but a mere Will-o'-the-wisp! Thus it was proved that Mrs. Leo Hunters are dangerous friends, and "flatterers the worst kind of enemies."¹

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Lehmann having now determined to live in London, took the artistic house that had belonged to John Philips, the well-known painter of Spanish scenes, at Campden Hill. This drew into the family circle Fred Leighton and many of the leading painters of the day. Millais we had known previously to his marriage, hence his cheery greeting whenever I entered his studio, "Come in; I've known you from your cradle!"

¹ Tacitus.

THE RUDOLPH LEHMANN'S

My sister, Mrs. Rudolph, having been born a musician, as we have already seen, was also a good linguist, the finely trained ear enabling her to catch up the characteristic tone and accent of every language she spoke.

Thus in the midst of struggling, seething, strenuous London were all these little social centres established, each with its own power of attraction, and like the planetary system all revolving round each other.

With all these spheres about us we found our own particular sphere being drawn more and more away from the Ideal into the vortex of the Real, for in the course of our profession we were launched into other scenes, and brought face to face with the sternest realities of life.

CHAPTER II

Few people outside the limits of medical life have the least conception of the trials, anxieties, and responsibilities of that profession. In the course of a single day every physician or surgeon of repute is called on to go through all the alternations of hope and fear in every known degree. He is quick to perceive the danger-signals that have no significance for others, and can watch the gathering of the storms while the sun is still unclouded. In a single round of visits and consultations he encounters people in the depth of woe, and others in the height of gladness, thus drawing on the emotions, and keeping in constant tension every sense he possesses. His success in life depends not only on judgment, and minute attention to detail, but on his tact in the management of each individual patient according to temperament and surroundings. While some are grateful, others are harassing, and draw continually upon the patience. The late Sir Andrew Clark once told me he could not endure the clever patients, for they worried him to death with their pertinacity and ignorance! Yet all has to be endured, for the medical man cannot choose his own patients, they choose him. Again, there

ROYAL PATIENTS

are circles into which it is a privilege to enter, for whether from the sense of *noblesse oblige*, or otherwise, the bond that holds the patient and doctor together is, as a rule, that of confidence, sympathy, and respect.

In this, the first year of our restoration, 1864, my husband received the command of Her Majesty Queen Victoria to go to Darmstadt, to attend her daughter, Princess Louis of Hesse. The child born on that occasion is now the Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia. The following year he was asked by the family physician, Dr. H. Guéneau de Mussy, to attend H.R.H. the Comtesse de Paris, at York House, Twickenham, and the daughter born then is now the Queen of Portugal. This event was full of interest for the royal exiles of France, as the birth of this Princess started the new generation of the lineal descendants from the last king, Louis Philippe. The old Queen Marie Amélie, who was a daughter of Ferdinand, king of the Two Sicilies, was then living at Claremont, and was immediately brought to York House and carried upstairs to see her first great-grand-child. She died six months afterwards, at the age of eighty-four.

Thus my husband enjoyed the privilege of meeting and talking to the last queen of France. The new-born child was named after her, and I still possess the beautiful box (minus the bonbons) sent to me by the Godparents after the christening.

It may not be without interest to allow the mind to wander away for the moment from these

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

domestic scenes, to go back to 1848, that stormy period when the Duchesse d'Orleans, mother of the Comte de Paris, stood in the midst of the revolution, "alone between a tomb and a throne." "She derived," says Lamartine, "from happiness but mourning; from royalty but a perspective view; from maternity but cares. She was in every way equal to her destiny; by beauty, by the soul, by tears." Her presence in the midst of the mob, her paleness, her children pressed to her heart, her imploring look, deeply affected Lamartine. We are told that during the crisis he had only to say, "Rise! You are the widow of that Duke of Orleans, whose virtues and whose memory the people crown in you! You are the innocents, and the victims of the throne's faults, the guests, and the suppliants of the people," to have turned the tide the other way.¹

It is curious to think that Rudolph Lehmann was in Paris during this revolution, and, only a month after the flight of the royal family, was invited by Madame Lamartine to spend an evening at her house. He was invited, not on account of politics, but purely because he was an artist, for Madame had a passion for art, which, alas, failed to develop in her hands, notwithstanding all her fostering care. She was the only woman present. In his memoirs Rudolph Lehmann describes seeing a red cotton handkerchief with the President's portrait printed on it spread over the back of a settee in the middle of the room,

¹ "French Authors at Home," vol. ii.

LAMARTINE

"apparently a welcome token of his momentary popularity." Grateful mention was made by one of the guests of his having proposed and carried the declaration of the Republic at the Palais Bourbon, when Lamartine responded in the following words:—

"I was ill-disposed," he said, "on that morning. I had a cold and no voice, and on my way to the Chamber I was wavering as to my vote, when in the vestibule I was met by the widowed Duchesse d'Orleans, with her two sons, who had courageously remained behind while all the rest of the Royal family had fled. She implored me, with tears in her eyes, to use my influence for a declaration of a Régence, pending the majority of her eldest son, the Comte de Paris, but I would not, and could not, make any promise; and entering the house, I mounted the tribune, and—as by a sudden inspiration—proclaimed the Republic. It was, you know, carried with acclamation."

A few years later, Rudolph Lehmann was again thrown with Lamartine, owing to the exhibition of his exquisite picture "*Graziella*," in the Paris Salon, 1855. Rudolph's friend, Fred Leighton (afterwards Lord Leighton, P.R.A.), had sat for Lamartine, who was represented reading his poems to *Graziella*, the fisher girl who died of love when he, Lamartine, left her. The picture was well hung and excited a great deal of attention. During its exhibition it drew from Lamartine the following letter to the artist:—

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

MR. RODOLPH LEHMANN, à Rome.

PARIS, June 25, 1855.

SIR,

I owe you the greatest service a writer with the pen can receive from a writer with the brush; that you have understood, felt, appreciated (*accueille*) one of his early inspirations, and have illustrated it, giving it the form, colour, and life of another art. Graziella was but a dream—you have made her a reality. When I say dream I speak metaphorically, for nothing in that episode of my life is imaginary but the names. I have no doubt that had you witnessed the impression produced upon me when I found myself personally represented in a memory thus awakened, you would have found yourself rewarded. You would have witnessed the power of your talent in my attitude and in my eyes. I return this morning to the Salon exclusively for your sake. Your brother will have told you that the impression, natural in myself, has been shared by a select and feeling public. An old connoisseur, very hard to please, said to me yesterday that in those rooms you were the Petrarc of the brush. Your fame will spread—poetry and love, if they do not always bring a fortune, bring at least glory and happiness to those who begin like you. I am poor, but I should greatly regret to see that picture pass into hands other than mine . . . but what I shall always be happy to proclaim is the pleasure I owe you, and my gratitude joined to my admiration.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

THE FRENCH ROYAL FAMILY

It is strange to find this "poet of the soul" humbly pleading that he was poor. He had inherited wealth, and also had acquired riches through his wife, but died poor, impelled by social duties and philanthropy to be generous beyond his means.

Among the many incongruities of ordinary life it is not a little strange to find a member of our family even indirectly associated with this memorable epoch in French history. Again, that we should have been thrown at one time with Louis Blanc socially, and later find ourselves on the most friendly terms professionally with the family whom he helped to drive from the throne of France!

With the present generation of the French royal family the sense of grief was over, but the glory of the past remained to tinge the future with undying hope. All around me stand many photographs given at various periods to my husband and myself. In the centre of one group is King Louis Philippe. There are also his brother, the Duc de Montpensier, and the Duchesse de Montpensier, the father and mother of the Comtesse de Paris. There is also a precious one of the old Queen Marie Amélie. The Duc and Duchesse de Chartres and their children at various stages are also represented, and the Duc and Duchesse d'Alençon with an infant. She was the unfortunate duchess who was burnt to death in the lamentable bazaar held in Paris a few years ago for some charity.

THE COMTE DE PARIS

as they had done the Duc de Chartres from the army. Then we spoke of the Château d'Eu and all that he had done through science and art to make the place delightful, and, he sadly remarked, 'now that we have made it so perfect to live in, we may be banished again any day; we cannot tell.'

"Two or three minutes later, when the melancholy fit had passed, he cordially invited us once more to the Château d'Eu, saying how convenient the trains were, and that I might shoot a wild boar in the forest, for 'the Comtesse herself had shot one the other day!'

"After *déjeuner* we strolled into the garden, where the Comte gathered a bouquet of camellias and anemones for me while I hunted about with the two young princesses for trap-door spiders' nests, which they had not heard of before. Unfortunately, there were none to be seen, but they intended to pursue the hunt out in the wilds where they were more likely to be found. We now took leave of our host and hostess, promising to return at four o'clock for the tea party expected to assemble at that time. When we did return the party was in full swing. We were ushered into the drawing-room with great ceremony to be laid hands on by the Comtesse, who forgot to be ceremonious on this state occasion, and amused everybody by the cordiality of her greeting."

The great feature of the occasion was Gounod, the composer. The engineer whom we had met at breakfast was the chief singer, and had the soft, cultivated voice of a professional. He and the

THE CHÂTEAU D'EU

chair, was a beautiful likeness of her sister Mercedes, the young Queen of Spain, who died while yet a bride. The Spanish crown adorning the top of the frame warned off all intrusion. Large writing-tables gave the room a practical look, while easy-chairs, sofas, ladies' work, children's toys, newspapers, magazines, and pamphlets made it a centre towards which the family drew from every quarter. The cabinets along one side of the wall contained a great many interesting orders and relics of the kings of France, and a boudoir adjoining had the furniture covered with brocades which had at various periods adorned the persons of French queens. Among other relics was the silver cradle presented to the Duchesse d'Orleans by the French people on the birth of her son, the Comte de Paris. In the midst of these touching relics of French history I would spend the evenings teaching Princesse Marie and the Princesse Hélène how to make Tam o' Shanters for their dolls! ¹

No one could be thrown into intimate relations with the Comtesse de Paris without finding that away down in the depths of her character, under a surface of merriment and fun, lay a wealth of sentiment and fine feeling. When taking us a round of the children's rooms, we noticed over

¹ Since writing these words, which bring before the mind a scene of quiet domestic life and perfect peacefulness, the world has been shaken by the appalling tragedy in Lisbon, which has deprived our young Princesse Marie at once of her husband, the King of Portugal, and her promising son, the Crown Prince. Instead of the innocent Tam o' Shanters, she is racked with the affairs of State suddenly thrown upon her, and is reported to have replied, on being asked to take rest, "I have no time to rest, and not even time to weep."

THE CHÂTEAU D'EU

the bushes, and presently emerged carrying a little fox cub, which she thrust into my arms, saying, "There, you may take that home with you if you like!" As I could not say I exactly "liked," and did not see my way to accommodating the animal in Mayfair, she considerably took it back to its natal earth.

The morning of our departure the Comte determined we should see the basement of the Château. We had already been deeply impressed with the picture galleries, which contained the collection of the Grand Mademoiselle, and with all the winding staircases and mazes in which we frequently lost our way; but what lay underneath all this proved still more bewildering. Looking back mentally over the years that have fled, I can dimly see a series of kitchens with *chefs* in paper caps, and everything culinary perfect about them. Miles of vaults, where a thousand soldiers could be stowed, other vaults where Guizot, Minister for Foreign Affairs, sat at work with his secretaries during the reign of the last king, and yet other vaults containing the engines that sent hot air into every room, and hot water to the various bathrooms and chambers.

To describe all we did and saw during this charming visit would be impossible within the limits of my story; it is sufficient to say we felt carried away in a stream of French history so vivid that the intervening years seemed lost, and the present to be swallowed up in the past.

On taking leave of the family I was presented

CHAPTER III

WHILE private practice was thus opening up to us a charmed life, and affording us many of the privileges that radiate from royal circles and carry with them an open sesame to other fields, there remained the seamy side of professional life which seemed to hold the scales even between shadow and sunshine.

In the first year of my husband's work at King's College Hospital the murmurings of dissatisfaction concerning hospitals generally were just beginning to be heard. Nothing was known of the true *modus vivendi* of disease; all was ephemeral and empirical. In these days we did not understand *scientific* cleanliness—that is, cleanliness under the surface, beyond the range of vision, that all-important local cleanliness which may even be maintained in the midst of foul surroundings. Neither did we know whence disease came, nor what disease was *au fond*. Hospital diseases were dreaded, but accepted as inevitable.

With the exception of small-pox, all manner of infectious cases were taken into the general medical wards. Good ventilation through open windows, and not overcrowding the wards, were

HOSPITALS IN THE SIXTIES

addressed a letter to the Council after communicating with Miss Nightingale on the subject. The Nightingale ward was consequently closed, and it was arranged that the poor women should henceforth be attended in their own poor houses, and in this way only was the mortality reduced.

The mortality in hospitals generally at this period was so high that a commission was appointed by the Privy Council to report on the sanitary condition of the hospitals of the United Kingdom. In reading this report by the light of the present day it is curious to see how the greatest experts the Government could command at that time were only groping in the dark, like every one else. As the year 1863, when this report was issued, is a long way off, and might indeed be centuries off, I shall quote one or two passages from it¹ for the sake of history. "In Paris, hospitals are government establishments, consequently every one who is poor enough, and sick enough, to require admission is sent by a public officer into any one of the hospitals in which there may happen to be a vacant bed. Failing vacant beds, additional beds would be placed in any hospitals that the central administration might choose. The hospitals are bound to receive all cases of urgency, hence the crowding in of beds containing acute medical and acute surgical cases all mixed together.

"In London matters are different. There,

¹ Report of Dr. Bristowe and Mr. Timothy Holmes on the Hospitals of the United Kingdom, 1863.

HOSPITALS IN THE SIXTIES

Still, they were willing to admit that their objections were theoretical, as "no particular harm had been found to follow the custom!"

While the commission admitted that nurses ran certain risks from infection, and "not unfrequently fell victims," still they believed the same thing might happen if the nursing were performed in the open air on the summit of a mountain!

Notwithstanding this report, that could recognize no immediate connection between infected walls and mortality, and imagined that all difficulties could be overcome with good ventilation and improved sanitary measures, there were, nevertheless, some physicians and also surgeons who felt that beyond all this lay some mysterious and subtle source of mischief. Among those were Sir James Simpson and my husband, who were always on the alert to gather facts and make observations for themselves. The decisive closing of the maternity ward at King's, and consequent reduction of the death-rate, was one striking fact, for it proved that the women did better in their poor, dirty, unventilated, insanitary dwellings than amidst the comforts and luxuries of the hospital.

It was also found that in Paris the leading surgeons had to hire lodgings outside the hospital for their capital operations, as they did not dare to perform them within the walls!

The following letter, addressed to my husband by Sir James Simpson, shows the active part he was taking in pursuit of knowledge still felt to be wanting :—



Le Professor!

SIR J. G. SIMPSON.

PROFESSORS LISTER AND SIMPSON

Glasgow and was appointed to the Chair of Surgery in the Edinburgh University, and consequently became a colleague of Sir James Simpson about eight months after the above letter was written.

It is painful in these days to reflect how slow was the spread of knowledge so vital to the interests of the whole human race. The key had already been found that opened the portals, yet the way was not smooth, the light was not clear, and those whom it most concerned were afraid to enter. It is interesting, however, to know that the two men, Professors Lister and Simpson, who have done so much to alleviate pain and avert death in their respective callings, were colleagues at this time in the University of Edinburgh. Colleagues they were not destined to remain long, for the following year our beloved friend, Sir James, with all his faculties alert, succumbed to *angina pectoris* after some weeks of suffering. He therefore did not live to see the problem fully solved which kept him rushing about to all the great cities in quest of the longed-for knowledge concerning the mysteries of hospital *complications*.

It so happened that in March of this year I had the doubtful pleasure of crossing the Channel with him on a boisterous day *en route* to Paris, whither on hospital inquiry he was bent, and where he intended to join his friend, Mr. Pender (later Sir John, M.P.), at the Hotel du Louvre. In a letter to my husband at the time, I see that I suffered considerably from his devoted attentions on board. When he saw me growing pale he took

CHAPTER IV

To pick up the thread of our story again we must go back from the end of this decade to the beginning, to see how the change came about that led the medical world from darkness into light.

It was in Paris; the year 1860, when Louis Pasteur was awarded the prize for Experimental Physiology by the French Académie. He had not studied medicine, but among the millions of human beings the world contained there was just this one man who had struck the right vein in the course of his chemical studies; brushed aside all obscurities; disposed of false theories concerning spontaneous generation; and determined for ever the true and living cause of disease, that secret which had been withheld from all doctors throughout all the ages of the world's history.

On receiving this prize from the Académie he wrote to his father confiding the news, and I here venture to give the following passage from his letter:—

“God grant that by my persevering labours I may bring a little stone to the frail and ill-assured edifice of our knowledge of those deep mysteries of life and death, where all our intellects have so lamentably failed.”¹

¹ “Vie de Pasteur,” by R. Vallery-Radot.

PASTEUR'S EXPERIMENTS

unsuspected by the mind of man, and all unseen by the naked eye.

It was a wonderful study, for the more it was pursued the more was the fact brought home to him that it was not the history of beer-brewing alone that he was watching, but the life-history of disease. It was a world within a world, alive with beings working out their own independent lives, seeking their own particular nourishment, multiplying themselves, and living or dying according to circumstances favouring their life or death.

Under the microscope he saw how the yeast cells flourish on the sugar they find in the barley until it is consumed, but in consuming this element other elements are set free which are destructive to their life. They die just when their work is finished, leaving us the product of their existence in the pure fermented ale.

Up to this point all is well for the brewer, but in the course of a short time the ale becomes cloudy and sour. All was mystery till Pasteur explained that in nature the ale is simply a putrescible material, and that the living germs which cause putrescence are everywhere in the air round about us. They hang on the walls of the brewery ready to attack the beer. They are on the hand of the brewer when he plunges it into the brew to feel the temperature, and accordingly he directly infects the beer with disease. Having thus studied the progress of the desirable organisms—those of yeast, and the insidious advent of the undesirable that cause disease—he was further

PASTEUR

and the theory of his opponents that decomposition is due to the *spontaneous generation* of life is crushed for ever.

In this new world of the invisible the laws are the same as in the visible, in that all life springs from previous life, as the rose from the rose, and man from man.

Pasteur, full of triumph, hastened to meet his antagonists at the Académie, in the brewery, or among the ripening grapes in the wine-growing countries. While thus pursuing his labours he was compelled, through opposition, to lead a life of persecution amounting to martyrdom, for men of science, still wedded to preconceived ideas, could not, or would not, easily relinquish them. In March, 1863, he told the Emperor Napoleon III., who always took a deep interest in his work, that "his ambition was to arrive at the knowledge of the causes of putrid and contagious diseases."

Still, in 1863 these tidings of joy had not reached the various medical schools, nor spread beyond the battle-grounds of contention, so suffering and death continued to run riot in our costly sanctuaries of disease.

But to return to Pasteur's letter to his father. Surely no prayer that was ever breathed met with a more direct answer; for it seemed to be wafted through the air, till it germinated in the one brain prepared by heredity, circumstances, and scientific culture to receive it. Lister, as we all now know, was the first medical apostle who believed in the word of Pasteur; and understanding the full

LISTER

intensity, and modified, altered, or proceeded at discretion.

Notwithstanding the great success attending even his earliest efforts, opposition was keen. Still he remained content with his little band of students, who were quick to see the difference between the old and new methods, and were ready to adopt the principles. Lister's first publication on the subject appeared in the *Lancet* in March, 1867, and his first paper, "On the Anti-septic Principle in Surgery," was read in the same year at the Dublin meeting of the British Medical Association. But beyond his own trusty little band of disciples, and a few stray foreigners, the news fell still-born, for his Glasgow colleagues passed by on the other side!

In 1869 he left Glasgow, as I have already mentioned, for the Chair of Surgery in Edinburgh, and was rejoiced to find that his new colleagues, with one exception, were ready to support him in the great revolution.

From this time the good seed seems to have taken root in various parts of the Continent, the first place being Copenhagen, through Saxtorph, a surgeon who was sufficiently enlightened to visit Lister's wards year after year in Glasgow and Edinburgh, in order to follow the progress and adopt the new methods at home.

Another disciple was Lucas Championnière, of Paris, who visited Lister's clinique in the early days at Glasgow, and at once appreciated the full importance of the new methods. Though then

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION

to say to this great question of spontaneous generation?" The voice was that of Lyon Playfair, who was sitting next to me, and our host was Mr. Erichsen (later Sir John), the leading surgeon of University College Hospital.

Now the words "spontaneous generation" had occasionally passed across the firmament of my mind, but, like Friends in Council, had conveyed nothing. They were mere words, without the power to illuminate the darker recesses of my brain. I simply thought my friend and former foe was having one of his little jokes, so turning upon him a look of withering scorn, I replied, "No, no, Lyon, it won't do this time; you had better ask the lady on your other side," which he immediately proceeded to do, and with equal success! I little realized the fierce battle that was raging round this little joke, and that it was destined after all to reach the dark corners of my mind, and spring forth everywhere a living reality to carry light along all the currents of medical and surgical life.

THE SICK CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

we each had a key, and in order to encourage strict confidence the only other person who was permitted to have a key was the secretary, who brought the book before the committee. Everything was pleasantly and easily managed. We never felt we had so many bairns that we did not know what to do, although we established a crèche, and consequently had a room full of little day boarders. When the children were sufficiently convalescent we gathered them into little classes and gave them little lessons—for it was before the days of compulsory education.

There was something pathetic in the good behaviour of the children, for although they were suffering from all manner of diseases, and painful affections, rarely a cry was heard. Even when the dressers or doctors would come round, and hurting was more or less unavoidable, they would give a smile in response to the cheery "Billy" or "Tommy," or whatever might be the pet name with which the doctors greeted them.

In these days this was the only Sick Children's Hospital in London. In most of the general hospitals children were scattered among the wards, so that the teaching of children's diseases was a work of supererogation so far as method and specializing were concerned. As it was my husband's duty at King's College Hospital to give his students instruction on the diseases of childhood, he found it extremely difficult and unsatisfactory to fulfil this duty simply in the lecture room without a ward for clinical instruction.

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

Fortunately, he got over the difficulty in an unexpected way through the beneficence of Mr. Peter Ralli. While my husband was in attendance on his wife, it so happened that these two gentlemen were thrown a good deal together, and the conversation turned naturally enough on the difficulty of teaching students how to deal with sick children when they had no opportunity of observing them. The result of this talk was the foundation of the Sick Children's ward at King's College Hospital now known as the Pantia Ralli ward, established in memory of Mr. Peter Ralli's father.

Apart from the two great events, the closing of the Nightingale ward and the opening of the Pantia Ralli, matters were going on much as they had ever done before at our hospital. While Edinburgh, Germany, France and Denmark had adopted Listerian methods, King's, in common with the other London hospitals, stood still. It was not until the year 1877 that an opportunity was afforded of making a change in the staff. My husband, who had kept himself *au fait* with Lister's work, and who took the deepest interest in his bacteriological researches, was extremely anxious to induce him to accept the Chair of Clinical Surgery now offered him by the Council. Before me lies a mass of correspondence on the subject, most of the letters being Lister's replies to Dr. Priestley, who was asked by the Council to negotiate. It is curious to recall the many difficulties that arose, and pleasant to remember how they gradually subsided and finally vanished

LISTER AND KING'S

before the welcome presence of the new master. At one moment when all seemed lost we telegraphed to Lister that he must breakfast with us next morning, if possible, to meet some members of the Council. He consequently started off that night, came to a decision at our breakfast table next morning, and forthwith made arrangements for the teaching of antiseptic surgery at King's, which led to the ultimate adoption of his principles throughout all the hospitals of the kingdom.

MEDICAL SOCIETY

that he had forgotten the answer. He felt there was no time to be lost, matters were getting serious; there was nothing for it but to send over to me for the answer. Accordingly somewhere towards midnight I was aroused out of my first sleep to take in a letter marked "urgent." Messages coming to our house at all hours of the night caused no surprise; the house was accustomed to them, but on this occasion it was not a patient who was ill, but an assembly of doctors who were destined to spend the night, if necessary, at the other end of the street in trying to find out how that girl contrived to get four pints of water out of the three-pint can and the five-pint can.

I recognized at once the urgency of the case, but it took me some precious moments to clear my brain of sleep before I could send the answer. Mercifully it arrived in time to save the situation and my husband's reputation among his brethren.

Many of the London doctors were men of artistic culture, for instance, Sir Francis Seymour Haden, the celebrated etcher, Sir Felix Semon, well known as a musician, Dr. Roberts, who sang delightfully, Dr. Habershon, who with his wife softened the hours of suffering to Mr. Gladstone with their music during his last days. Sir Henry Thompson was an admirable painter, and his wife, Kate Loder, who used to play before the Queen and Prince Consort in their early days, was a source of delight to her friends. Lady Semon, Lady Paget, and Lady Haden were no less gifted

PASTEUR IN LONDON

Pasteur. He did not know, but gave me the address of his lodgings in Clarges Street, or one of the streets off Piccadilly. Meanwhile many letters were lying at the bureau addressed to Pasteur, but no one had called for them. The day arrived, and no one had seen Pasteur till he entered St. James's Hall to attend the opening meeting. One of the stewards was leading him to the place reserved for him on the platform when he was recognized, and immediately cheers rang through the hall. Perfectly unconscious that the applause was meant for him, he turned to his son and son-in-law, and said with a little uneasiness: "It is no doubt the Prince of Wales arriving; I ought to have come a little sooner." Sir James Paget, the President, explained that he was the person being cheered, and the noise was so great he had to rise and bow to the huge assembly.

My husband, having now been introduced to Pasteur, it was arranged that we should call at his lodgings, and drive him to a garden party at Sir Spencer Wells' house at Hampstead later in the afternoon. I had longed to see the great man with whose work I was familiar. While sitting in the carriage waiting for him, the door opened, and out came Pasteur limping along, with his son-in-law, Mr. Vallery-Radot, in close attendance, trying all the time to get him into his great-coat. There was no introduction, no ceremony; Pasteur, the least self-conscious man in the world, took his seat beside me, while Vallery-Radot and my husband sat opposite, all feeling as if we had known

COPENHAGEN

made for our reception were so perfect that we had no trouble about custom house, carriages, or lodgings; but at one or two places *en route* one of the doctors, who had some interesting specimens in his portmanteau, got himself into constant trouble as a "suspect" travelling under cover of the congress!

The letter I wrote at the time to my aunt, Mrs. Wills, gives some idea of the manner in which doctors contrive to blend science with amusement on these occasions.

"August 15th, '84, COPENHAGEN.

"I am so utterly fatigued with my scientific dissipations that I have to write this lying down, but it is better to do it so than miss the opportunity, such as it is, of giving you a screed. Such a week of it we have had! The weather all the time being delightful. The congress was opened by the King and Queen on Monday last. They are the youngest looking people to have grown-up grandchildren I ever saw. The mother speaks well for our Princess, for she is slim and very bright, as well as young-looking.

"16th.—A fresh start as I was too tired to go on.

"Well, dear Aunt, the ovation we have received has surpassed anything our wildest dreams suggested. The whole of Denmark has risen to receive us. The Government voted £1500 towards the expenses, and the railways and steamships are all at our service during the congress. On

THE KING OF SWEDEN

him how we came to be presented to the king at a garden-party at Marlborough House three weeks previously. About an hour later, while resting in the grounds, we observed a servant of the palace hunting eagerly about till he came up to us, and finding we were the people of his quest, delivered a message from his Majesty to say he desired to receive us.

When we were ushered into his presence by one of the equerries he greeted us with the utmost cordiality, and expressed great disappointment that we had not brought our daughter (now Flora Dugdale), after whom he made special inquiries, having met her also at the garden-party. He kindly expressed regret that the queen had just gone out for her drive. After some interesting conversation, and telling him all about the Congress at Copenhagen, he mentioned that there was a Congress of Lawyers going on at Stockholm, and he expected to entertain 700 of them at the palace that evening. "Come," he said in a pleasant way, rising from his chair, "let us go and see how they are getting on with the preparations; I am sure you would like to see the pictures." So away we were taken, through lovely rooms and endless galleries, having our attention drawn to everything of special interest by our most charming and enlightened cicerone. Upstairs long rooms were being laid out for the refreshments, and it was amusing to see that as the king entered by one door the menials respectfully retired by another in the distance. More than

A RUSSIAN HOSPITAL

a certain day, and on arriving were received in great state by the chief physician and other members of the staff. I was presented with a bouquet, and felt I was receiving royal honours. The staff, one and all, wore white hospital wrappers over their ordinary garments, and presented a curious appearance as they stood in ghostly array, radiantly pleased to receive us.¹ The matron and nurses were all in white dresses, cut *à la princesse* without folds or trimmings of any kind. The material was batiste, which could be washed as easily as a pocket-handkerchief. An outside pocket, a watch-pocket, and a row of mother-of-pearl buttons down the front were allowed for practical purposes, but no stiff linen cuffs, collars, brooches, rings, or chatelaines permitted. The dresses were short to clear the ground. These tidy white dresses presented a neatness, common-senseness, and daintiness sadly wanting in our hospitals at home.

This hospital is said to be one of the most carefully regulated in the world, and enjoys a special interest in having been one of the first to adopt the reforms brought about through the teachings of Lister. My husband in the paper he wrote on these hospital visits gave the statistics showing how the mortality fell to 0·1 per 100, after the hospital was modernized.

In this hospital, which was remodelled under the direct control of the leading physician, Lazarewitch, there were separate rooms for every patient, and careful provision was made for isolating the

¹ White overalls are now universally adopted in our own country.

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

various sections, so that no germs of disease could be carried from one part to another. The keys of communication were only permitted to the heads of departments, and even the domestic offices were shut off by locked doors.

Warmth and adequate ventilation were kept up by stoves and furnaces, and so managed that the air could be constantly changed by an arrangement of flues.

Throughout the whole hospital the most perfect cleanliness was observed.

As soon as a room became vacant it was at once stripped, and a series of water-jets turned on to flush the walls and floors, which were made of mosaic and concrete. As the floors sloped towards a drain or gutter, which carried the fluid away outside, the surface of the concrete soon dried and was then perfectly clean. Every apartment and corridor was furnished with its water supply of this kind, and by a simple contrivance it could be made instantly available in case of fire.

Across the gardens were the latrines for the domestics, and some distance away from these on the same side the laundries. The conduct of these laundries formed an important part of the aseptic system. All soiled linen and washing materials were first soaked in tubs of disinfecting fluid, and then passed on through different rooms for drying and pressing, etc., until they were ready for the linen store again. Each laundry-woman had her assigned duties, and had a room allotted to her near her work.

LA MATERNITÉ

As a result of this careful management we ascertained that during the last three years there had been only one death from puerperal fever in the whole establishment, and this was in the case of a woman who was brought in hopelessly ill and died three days later.

A few years later I had an opportunity of visiting another *maternité* hospital, which at that time was in a state of transition from darkness to light. It was built in 1625, and was well known in history as the Abbaye de Port Royal de Paris. As a convent it went through many vicissitudes and changes, owing to religious persecutions and political revolutions.

It was here that Mademoiselle de Fontanges, mistress of Louis XIV. (Marie Angélique of religion) died in 1681, and it was also here, or at the country branch, that Madame de Montespan—another mistress of the same monarch—found refuge during her exile from the Court. In 1790 it became a prison, and in 1814 a birthplace for the human poor. Hence it has been the scene of divine exaltation, of human tears, of earthly fears, and every kind of suffering arising from various causes incidental to life.

It was during my visit to Paris in 1888 that I received a letter from my husband asking me to go and see Dr. Tarnier's hospital, as he and that distinguished French physician had been corresponding on a subject which had special interest for both. After making an appointment I duly arrived at "La Maternité," the once interesting

THE CLINIQUE TARNIER

long tube straight into the stomach of the child. I thought the infants would be choked, but the nurses managed to insert the tube very slowly and carefully, and the babes did not seem to object.

We were told that it was from this convent the nuns were brought out for execution during The Terror.

As a convent it must have been bad, as a prison a thousand times worse, and as a *maternité* nothing could have been worse, the air being kept pure only by disinfectants. Dr. Tarnier, alive to the evils, never rested till a new one was built in the same grounds. Since the death of Tarnier the old convent has receded away into the past (we were told it would be pulled down), and the new hospital is now known as The Clinique Tarnier. The *sages femmes* no longer live out, but go through their studies under the roof as *pensionnaires* for two years, and, instead of forty-five, their numbers have now reached one hundred.

In this new hospital the first attempt was made in Paris for the isolation of maternity cases into separate cells or apartments, on the principles of Pasteur.

We must now pass on to see how it fared with the first hospital built under the immediate direction of Pasteur's disciples, after the master had gone to his rest.

Thanks to the magnificent benefactions left to the Institute by Mesdames Hirsch and Boucicaut, the funds were equal to all the demands of modern

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

science. This hospital was designed with the object of bringing together under one roof every known *infectious* disease!

Each disease was to be judged, isolated, and treated according to its own requirements. There was to be no confusion of diseases, no confusion of ideas. If the difficulties were appalling, the regulations were strict, the discipline severe. It was not a mere matter of building walls to attract the eye, it was a matter of educating and training an army to be always in the front, ready to meet the subtleties of the enemy, or enemies, bursting forth at every point. The generals of this strange army had to live, to move, and if possible to have their being, in the midst of dangers more terrible than those inflicted by the most deadly weapons of modern warfare. They had to depend on minute attention to detail for their existence. The harnessing of Niagara was nothing to this harnessing of active disease.

Having obtained permission from my friends of the Institute, I was bent on seeing the workings of this place for myself, and accordingly passed across the Rue Dutot and entered the gateway leading into the beautiful grounds of this hospital. Within these grounds were five buildings, the first a chemical laboratory in which disease was studied at first hand. The next was a new cellular hospital not yet opened. The third was the object of my quest, the hospital now in the grip of every kind of infectious disease.

Here I was received in the *Salle d'entrée* by the

THE HOSPITAL PASTEUR

Mademoiselle d'Ornellas, Sœur Marie-Catherine, Supérieure de l'hôpital Pasteur, the Sisterhood that of St. Joseph of Cluny.

It was her duty to train all the nurses herself on the most approved principles. After some interesting conversation with this interesting woman, one of the Sisters was called to equip me for entrance into the precincts of living disease. Adorned in white from head to foot, I soon found myself in the men's ward on the ground floor with my companion the Sister, also in white, explaining everything to me. There was glass everywhere. Along each side of the central passage down which we slowly moved were the patients, each one confined within a glass cell. So strange was the story told by my companion that I began to think all was a dream, and that we were wandering about in a miniature crystal palace of disease, with the angels of death and of life hovering around, but with nothing to fear. Science was the mighty guardian over all. Presently I was aroused from my dream by finding a young man in one cell, and a boy in the next, playing cheerfully with one another through the dividing glass with all the light-heartedness of the French. Thus, and only thus, could neighbouring patients meet for a little frolic.

At the further end of the ward we came upon a glass room where two or three children suffering from the same malady could be treated together.

In the event of death approaching, the patients are screened from view. On certain days they are

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

allowed visits from relations or friends, but such visitors are confined to the outside balconies, where the warmest of greetings have to be conducted through the chill medium of inexorable glass!

I was told that on one occasion—in the early days—a convalescent patient was found developing another disease, a new one on the top of the other, which caused no little commotion among the staff. The inquiry into this revealed the fact that on the cord of the window-blind the vital cause was found. This innocent-looking cord had not been sufficiently disinfected!

At this point I must leave the interior of the hospital to come back to it from the *Salle des entrées* of the patients.

I have mentioned five buildings, and have noticed three. Another is the pretty house of the resident physician, Dr. Louis Martin, the other is the pavilion of consultation. The entrance to this is from another street parallel with the Rue Dutot, which skirts the opposite end of the grounds. Into this pavilion the sick enter, and are passed into the receiving-room. Here the patient is taken in hand by two nurses clothed in fresh overalls. I shall now give Dr. Martin's account of the proceedings (published in the *Bulletin Médical* in August, 1900), for the benefit of those whom it may concern:—

“To begin with, a rolling bed is got ready to take the patient to his room. The bed is of iron, with linen cushions covered with india-rubber.

THE HOSPITAL PASTEUR

shoes, and these should be discarded on quitting the hospital.

“Doctors and nursing staff should only visit the patient when necessary, and when they do an overall must be put on to protect their clothes. All linen used during the examination or cleaning of the patient should be left in his room. All instruments, stethoscopes, spoons for holding down the tongue, should be immediately boiled; and every doctor or member of nursing staff on leaving a patient's room should take off their overalls, wash their hands with soap and *sublimé*, and dry them with a cloth. They must even wash their faces if stained. These precautions taken, they can with safety visit another patient.

“When the patient has the disease in an advanced form and much linen is used, a cylinder is placed in each cell and all linen is put into it, and every day it is taken to be disinfected. For patients not using so much linen a bucketful of water is placed under each washstand, and into this are thrown all handkerchiefs, cloths, towels, etc. Every morning all this wet linen is placed in an iron receptacle and disinfected.

“As our linen is often stained with matter (*serosité*) and blood, we pass it through an oven and then steep it in buckets for twelve hours in an antiseptic solution composed as follows:—

Water, 40 litres.
Crysellin, 200 grammes.
Black soap, 100 ,,
Carbonate of soda, 50 grammes.

THE HOSPITAL PASTEUR

the infected utensils, the other, with a wet cloth in her hand, goes to the patient and takes from the 'table de nuit' all soiled vessels, and places them in the basin. When the basin is full, the nurse takes them out and puts them in a receptacle full of boiling water carbonated. In a word, every article is disinfected in the room itself as near the patient as possible. Nothing ought to be taken to the central kitchen.

"All these measures of precaution that I have detailed rather lengthily are indispensable. I have made a point of giving them in order to show that we leave nothing to chance.

"In addition, the floor must be disinfected morning and evening before each visit of the doctor. This is done with a cloth soaked in a solution of 'Eau de Javal,' 1 in 50, or in a solution of 'cresyline,' 1 in 200. Twice a week the floor of the hospital should be washed with water and black soap."

MRS. FRED LEHMANN

occurred through the illness or defection of the pianist, my sister was suddenly called upon to fill the place. This was the rehearsal, and although Mrs. Fred was given no time for practice, her ear and aptitude were so inborn that I believe she could have followed on and improvised as she went, without ever seeing the music at all. But as things were, she stuck to the music placed before her, and came off with great *éclat* without the faintest shadow of a blunder. I had the pleasure the next night of driving her to the concert, and although she had never appeared in public before, she rose to the occasion and played with all the serenity of a professional, to the delight of her husband and musical friends.

The Wills', on the other hand, had given up town life in favour of partial retirement, and had bought a charming little place in Hertfordshire, called Sherrards. It was situated in a corner of Sherrards Woods, the property of Lord Cowper, and was encircled by other beautiful properties, Panshanger being on the one side, Brocket Hall on the other, and Knebworth and Hatfield House within easy drives. Here they enjoyed all the pleasures of country life, with plenty of hunting and many agreeable neighbours. In summer garden parties were the order of the day, and on these festive occasions I had opportunities of continuing and keeping up the friendship, begun in girlhood, of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. I have often thought since—although I could not have thought then—how strange it must have

MRS. WILLS

Whether poor or rich,
He would not wish to lose.
Though as soon as he can gain it
He ceases to retain it.

“ C. DE LA PRYAM.

“ An answer will oblige.”

The answer that went back with the clothes
was as follows :—

“ The wisest man that e'er I saw
Would scarcely wish to go to law,
But, involved in a dispute,
Would not like to lose his *suit*.
Your ever faithful servant I am,
Witty Mr. de la Pryam.”

On being asked by a Scottish professor if they
had any dukes or marquises they could send as
pupils, Mrs. Wills, who was an intimate friend,
sent the following answer :—

“ I fear that by no kind of fluke
Can we send you a little Duke ;
And though close to us Brocket Park is,
There's not a chance of a young Marquis :
Its owner, great Panshanger's Earl,
Is blessed with neither boy nor girl ;
His brother, next in the succession,
Has ne'er a wife yet in possession.
The present head of ' the Bold Dacre's '
Has got no heir to his broad acres.
Lord Lytton, he who governs Ind,
Owns one wee boy, just born in Scinde :
A neighbouring Bart., Sir Eustace Piers,
Has but one son of tender years
Whose infant mind and lisping speech
Needs only nursery maids to teach ;

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

And so, you see, I'm driven wild,
To think there's neither chick nor child,
Nor growing lad, nor youthful spark,
For you to train at Abbey Park."¹

It was in the early days of Sherrards, 1870, that Dickens died, and Uncle Harry finally withdrew from the partnership. The telegram announcing the seizure was a great shock, as the joint editors had lived so long together on terms of brotherly affection. Much has been written about Dickens, and the public have read many of his letters published since his death by his daughter Mary and sister-in-law Miss Hogarth. Some fifty of these letters were addressed to my uncle, but before me lies a pile of letters written by Harry Wills to his wife, describing his various journeys with "Dick," that take us behind the scenes of his public and private life, and keep alive the unflagging interest felt in the most popular author of his day. To expand upon these would be to write another life of Dickens, but there are little bits here and there that may appropriately find a place in my story.

The following refers to a very early reading, and is dated December 3rd, 1853, but no address given. It is written on the office paper of *Household Words* to his wife:—

"I have been horribly vexed all day for not making you come down here to-day. It could have been managed so nicely. Dick, Mrs. Dick, and Miss Hogarth all exclaim against me for my stupidity. The 'Cricket' last night went off quite

¹ Our early home at St. Andrews.

DICKENS

as well as the 'Carol;' but Dick does not like it so well; and indeed it is not nearly so well adapted for reading. But the audience were delighted—such attention, such laughing and crying I never saw anywhere. All the characters seem to live—no monotony, no hesitation, but all smooth and uncommonly lifelike without effort or staginess. . . . A grand dinner is to be given to Dickens to-morrow, so we do not start until twelve, but I shall be home at five o'clock. . . .

"If Dickens does turn Reader he will make another fortune. He will never offer to do so, of course. But if they *will* have him he will do it, he told me to-day."

The next letter is from Mrs. Dickens to my aunt, and indicates the terms on which they lived:—

49 AVENUE DES CHAMPS ELYSEES.

PARIS, *March 9th*, 1856.

MY DEAR MRS. WILLS,

I cannot let Charles go to London to-night without a word from me to thank you for your most kind and welcome letter, which it gave me so much pleasure to receive. . . .

You are of course *au courant* with all our little domestic news through your husband, therefore I will not run the risk of boring you by a repetition of the same.

We are all, thank God, perfectly well, and have very much enjoyed our stay in this charming city, indeed, we shall be sorry to leave it in the middle of May.

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

We have taken our old house, the Villa des Moulineaux, for the summer, and I do hope, dear Mrs. Wills, that you will not this year cheat us out of our annual visit by going again to Scotland, but that you will spare us as long a time as you can to make up for our disappointment of last summer.

Great excitement prevails here at present with respect to the result of the Peace Conference. The accouchement of the Empress also is a great subject of interest.

She passes our house still every day on her way to the Bois de Boulogne, and looks very well and pretty. It is impossible to help feeling interested about her. She is so sweet-looking, and is, I believe, very good and charming in every way.

We went to see Ristori last Wednesday and were dreadfully disappointed in her. She is not to be compared to Rachel. I must not bore you by any more crossing, and with very best love to Mr. Wills and yourself, in which all unite with me, believe me always, dear Mrs. Wills, most affectionately your friend,

CATHERINE DICKENS.

A READING IN EDINBURGH.

From MR. WILLS to HIS WIFE.

1 DOUNE TERRACE, EDINBURGH,
March 27th, 1858.

Dickens and I began work yesterday morning with Marshall's shop (Scotch jewellery), and at

RAILWAY ACCIDENT

RAILWAY ACCIDENT TO DICKENS.

To MRS. WILLS.

Friday night, 1865.

I said when I wrote that Dickens would be in town this afternoon. Well, from the club I strolled into the station to meet him. Waited till dinner-time, and was told that the tidal train passengers would come up by the mail due at 6.35. Came here (the office) and dined alone. Went again. Conceive my horror when they told me that there had been a frightful accident at Staplehurst. For an hour I endured the most awful suspense. Telegraphed twice to the station. Mail train arrived. No Dick! Turned sick, and a horrid pain in my diaphragm. Went back to telegraph, when they told me there was a telegram for me, which I enclose. Imagine my revulsion of feeling. At last Dick came, not touched! It seems to have been the worst accident yet. Several lying dead.

Dick seems all right enough, but I sleep here (the office) to-night to be near him, for really there is no knowing what the shaking might do.

God bless you, my own. I seem as if I had been in the accident myself, what with my fright and Dick's appalling and graphic description of it.

John Foster, in his "Life of Charles Dickens," referring to this accident, considered that it ultimately proved fatal to Dickens. He writes:—"It

DEATH OF HENRY WILLS

GOING TO SEE DICKENS OFF TO AMERICA.

LIVERPOOL, *June 8th*, 1867.

Here we are after a very pleasant ride. We started like children full of play, then we subsided into lunch, then seven of the eleven fell fast asleep, and I was *not* (I can call three witnesses to prove the fact) one of them. Then we got playful again and came on here merrily enough.

Dick is so different to what he is at any other time. After lunch the saloon was rather crummy, and he actually took out a clothes-brush and flicked away all the crumbs from seats and floor. . . .

Uncle Harry survived his beloved friend exactly ten years. He was writing a book at the time of his death, and when it slowly dawned on his mind that he was not likely to recover, he exclaimed impetuously one day in my presence, "If I die before I finish that book I will go mad!" It was not easy to help laughing at such a "bull," but he was terribly serious over it. When he felt the end drawing near he desired his wife to send for Mrs. Lynn Linton at once, as she was the only person he knew who could finish the book. She was in Italy and ill when the telegram reached her, but she started off, and arrived at Sherrards without loss of time, to the great relief of every one. The MS. was brought to his bedside, and

DEATH OF MRS. WILLS

When gloaming steals softly out over the hill,
An' the shadows o' evenin' hae fa'en on the lea,
My heart's fu' o' sadness an' winna lie still,
For there's naebody now lookin' kindly on me.

It was na' aye sae in the days that are gane,
There was jokin', an' daffin' neath ilka gean tree;
But now I sit silent, and dowie, my lane,
An' there's naebody noo' lookin' kindly on me.

I had youth then, an' health, and by friends was caress't,
I had lovers wha swore that for me they would dee,
But o' time or o' sorrow they stud na' the test,
An' there's naebody noo' lookin' kindly on me!

But why spend my days in regret for the past!
Or why sic repining at Fortune's decree!
I may vent my upbraidings, an' griefs to the last,
But 'twill no bring *him* back that looked kindly on me!

Twelve years after her husband's death Mrs. Wills followed him to the grave.

For the last year of her life I was able to be with her a good deal, as she was then resident in London. Up to the last she could not help being amusing, for her sense of humour could not be subdued. Within a few days of her death she startled me by saying she wished me to write out her obituary notice, as she would *like to see it*. This I did, then folded it up and put it in my purse, that no astonished eyes might behold it. Presently a feeble voice came forth from the pillows with the following utterance: "Well, it is not every woman who is walking about London with her living aunt's obituary notice in her purse!" Her mind—as not infrequent on the confines of death—used to wander back to early days when she lived in Edinburgh. She was

DICKENS PHOTOGRAPHS

the many treasures is an original verse of Hood's "Song of the Shirt," given to my aunt by Mark Lemon, then editor.

The old photograph-books which I gathered from all quarters of the house contain photographs of the Dickens family at every stage of life, including Box, a favourite dog, and the house Moulineaux at Boulogne, referred to in Mrs. Dickens' letter, the identity of which is now merged in a convent.

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

that we sadly wended our way up the brae again and across the rotten bridges, feeling that the paradise so recently found for us by various friends in the neighbourhood was already lost.

Without entering too minutely into the reasons that made us reconsider the difficulties, it is enough to state that eventually they were overcome, and the following letters will help to explain how the change came about that transformed the scene of desolation into one of beauty, comfort, and happiness for our tenancy of nineteen years.

From the stonemason came this lucid and hopeful missive :—

ABERLOUR, April 13th, 1874.

MADAM,

I Beg to Inform you that I went over to the Laggan this week to see the house you referd to for a coach-house, I do not no if one of them owld be large a nuff, if not the midel wall could be removed and both apartments put into one which owld be twenty feet three inches in lenth, or if you consider that one of this apartments is large a nuff the floors could be lifted and lowered as low as the surface outside, and a large door put in in front wall. To finish mason, carpenter, and Plaster worck it owld require thirteen Pounds to make the two into one. I may state that I intend to mack a commencements in getting in metteriels directly to comence, and I wish that you owld give your concent to cut down the tree where the coal-house is to be, as it can not be put up to give

THE LAGGAN

satisfaction with it standing, I seed the Proprietor and he stated to cutt away anney three that was in the way.

Yours truly,
JAMES McALISTER.

By the 23rd of April the plumber announced the completion of his contract in the following letter:—

MADAM,

I have this day examined the Water Works at Laggan, and found them to be working in a most efficient manner. The water has been on this last three weeks, but I have shut it off in case of any accident which might perhaps occur when there are no persons in the house.

Your obedient servant,
JOHN MCINTYRE.

P.S.—A remittance of the account will oblige.

The month of May brings further good news of progress.

ABERLOUR, *May 26th*, 1874.

MADAM,

I Beg to inform you that the worck at the Laggan is Progressing as favourable as I can my men will be done this night and the carpenter is gowing on with his department the Shelter will be done to-morrow with the roof of the Hall and also looking over the rest of the Roofs about the place

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

except the washing house as you stated when at Laggan not to mind it I am happy to Inform you that Wester Elchies¹ has given uss two calls and I feel much obliged to the Gentlemen being that their is no person looking after me for the sufficancey of the worck—their was one omission that I neglected in my Estimate which owld require to be done this is the windows owld all require Pointing outside with cement to Prevent damp or Rain getting in at the sids and sils also the oven in the Kitchen is completely done on side next the grait in fact she is no uce the way she is, if it be your wiss she could be sent to Elgin Foundry and a new one cast the same. However I will be glad to do what ever you wissh, and regarding the Blinds for window be cind a nuff in letting me no what couller you owld lick them whither white or drab couller.

Yours Respectfully,

JAMES McALISTER.

When the London season was on the wane it fell to my lot to go forth into the wilderness alone, to get things into order for the family, with the assistance of the keeper and his wife, who lived across the Roy burn. The calm after the storm of town life brought that welcome peace which London cannot give. There was only my dog and I. No noise, no traffic. The only sounds those of the coo-cooing of the wood-pigeons and the

¹ A neighbouring friend, called after the place, as customary in Scotland.

HOLIDAYS AT THE LAGGAN

croak-croaking of the pheasants in the covert round about.

In the words of Marvell I truly felt—

“Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.”

On one of these “advanced” visits early in July I was feeling somewhat uneasy about the keeper, as he had written to say he had met with an accident, and believed he had broken a few of his ribs. I imagined he would be unfit for work



By Sir John Millais.

on the 12th, and was much surprised to see him carrying my luggage upstairs. He had just carried up a large trunk which he called my dressing-case, when I inquired rather anxiously if the ribs were all right. “Aye,” he replied, “the ribs are a’ richt, there was a bit o’ the liver and something else torn awa’, I did na’ ken what, but it’s a’ richt!”

I next inquired after the grubs, about which there had been great complaints. “Weel,” he replied, “they’re a great annoyance. I shotted them and used sticks to them, but they dinna care for any mortal thing.”

When the period of “delicious solitude” was

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

over, it was a great privilege to be able to welcome others to share the simple joys of our holiday—those who, in common with ourselves, were workers in the world's great hive. In a Highland lodge, with moor and river, there is always plenty for every one to do, and hard work for the thorough sportsman. To him, every change in the weather brings its own particular joy. If fine, he knows the birds are “lying”—so to the moor he goes. If cloudy and dark of aspect, the birds will be wild, *i.e.* they won't “lie”; but then the water is in order and the fish are “rising”—so riverward he wends his way. If perchance the weather is unpropitious for either, he falls back on the absorbing happiness of devoting hours to the silent inspection of tackle and fly-books. He is content, if need be, to go over the same ground the next day, and the next, with unflagging interest, and no other variation than that of inspecting his companion's tackle and fly-books, and listening to the deeds performed by a “Jock Scott,” a “Lady Caroline,” or a “Blue Doctor.”

Still, there are always to be found a few less sporting guests; men not caring so much for the birds on the moor as for the moor itself, with its keen air and invigorating exercise; not caring so much for the fatigue of angling the fish out of the water as for the peace of lying on the bank and watching others do the work. Some of our friends found interest in the geological and archæological features of the surrounding country. Others cared nothing for the grouse as game, but would take a

HOLIDAYS AT THE LAGGAN

profound interest in the disease to which they are subject, and speculate on the possibilities of setting up a modified form of the malady which might protect them against the more destructive. Then literary friends, full of the heat and turmoil of life, occasionally came laden with MSS. ; but however important, we always knew that such work was doomed, for in Arcadia all mental exertion flagged, and the mind passed through a gradual process of dissolution, leaving perhaps a spirit willing, but in most cases a mass of weak flesh lying amidst the mossy turf in torpid and delicious ease.

Occasionally there were difficulties as to the commissariat when the shooting season was at its height, owing to hampers from Edinburgh and Glasgow going astray, more particularly on Saturdays. One Sunday my small boy Joseph, aged about fourteen, found me in deep meditation over some mysterious problem, and inquired what had happened. Out of the profoundest depths of misery I confided to him that the usual supplies had been carried off to the wrong country-house, and starvation stared the family in the face !

Next morning I was standing at the front door talking to some of our guests before breakfast, when the redoubtable Joe, now a K.C., came galloping up on the hill pony, with a huge basket in front of him, shouting out, " Here, mother, no more starvation for the family ! "

The boy had risen before five o'clock and soon shot six astonished rabbits. He then called up the keeper, and going down to the river landed a

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

fine salmon. Losing not a moment he flew to the stables, saddled the pony, and galloped up to the village, where he found the butcher still asleep, but *not for long* ! Thus came about the welcome vision at the front door of two legs of mutton, one shoulder, and a few kidneys.

In the clear, crisp Highland air, amidst such happy surroundings, all the high-strung irritability of town life withered and died from want of nourishment ; the most confirmed dyspeptic would become a new man, and settle down into a peaceful, nerveless condition previously unknown. The only exception to this nerveless condition was in the case of Herbert Spencer, who came for a few days' fishing in the year 1884.

He had great theories about flies which were made to order according to his own conception of what a salmon in its right mind would honestly take to be a fly. We had no opportunity of watching the effect of the lure on the mind of the salmon, as the philosopher declared himself next day to be too ill to go down to the river.

While the rest of our little world rejoiced in the sunshine on moor or river, Herbert Spencer, the victim of mental strain, spent his days in melancholy, with his finger on his pulse noting what he took to be clear signs of heart disease, or heart failure. One day while alone lying in undisturbed peace in the drawing-room with his finger as usual conveying the solemn tale from his heart to his brain, the silence was suddenly broken by a little voice behind him piping forth a sweet and lively tune.

HERBERT SPENCER

Surprised out of his melancholy, he roused himself to look round, and soon perceived his companion to be a little bullfinch in a cage. The bird was not afraid of him, but with remarkable intelligence sang him another tune, and yet another, till the philosopher, heedless of his troubles, directed his attention to, and a wealth of philosophy on, the innocent little bird that had the power even for the moment to chase away his sadness. He was always fond of music, and this songster delighted him. I do not think he knew before that birds could be trained to sing.

The charm, however, did not last long, for he took to his bed and was visited frequently by my husband and another medical friend staying in the house. At last one day he sent me a little pencil note begging me to send off the accompanying telegram at once. I took the precaution of reading the telegram first, and found it full of confusion, owing to the panic in which it was written. It was addressed to his secretary, desiring him to come next day and take him home by easy stages, as he was seriously ill.

I went next day to the station to meet the secretary, and asked if he had been much alarmed by the telegram. "Oh, not at all," said he, "I am quite accustomed to this kind of thing."

That same afternoon I saw them off, and to make the invalid comfortable I gave him a soft, blue velvet cushion for his head. He was pathetically grateful, and told me some years later that he had used it ever since.

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Still, this notable exception notwithstanding, life in our Highland shooting-lodge had a delightful way of going joyously along.

Sitting in my library alone some twenty years later, surrounded by the books and letters that speak to me, a series of *tableaux vivants* representing this period of my life pass before my mind. There lies before me a letter from Sir Henry James written to my husband from Tulchan Lodge, Advie, where he generally spent the shooting season with Mr. Bass. There is no date beyond a brief "Wednesday," but he writes to say he will bring Mr. Bright down by early train next day. It had already been arranged that John Bright was to try his luck in our salmon pools, which were among the best in the river, in these, the good days.¹

It happened at this time that my aunt Mrs. Wills was staying with us, and I think it must have been after the death of Uncle Harry, consequently the year 1881. I was looking forward with great pleasure to making the acquaintance of our distinguished guest, but I observed a strange and unaccountable reserve on the part of my dear old lady, who said not a word either for or against John Bright. At last the luncheon hour arrived, and with it the group of hungry sportsmen from the river. My aunt now came forward and, suddenly breaking all reserve, shook hands heartily with John Bright, saying she did not require to be

¹ The fishing fell off very much in later years owing to the distilleries, but eventually improved on account of the penalties imposed by Act of Parliament for pollution.

JOHN BRIGHT

introduced, for she had already been introduced to him a *hundred years ago* at the house of her brother, Robert Chambers, when he was living at Musselburgh for the summer. "Ah!" said John Bright, "I remember that very well, and a jolly day we had."

"And do you remember being taken to the nursery to see the twin babies asleep in the same cradle?"

"To be sure I do," responded John Bright.

"Well, one of the twins is now Mrs. Priestley, and is your hostess to-day!"

And so on the strength of this very old and unexpected acquaintance we all went merrily in to lunch.

Another vivid tableau represents Sir John Millais (not yet promoted) lying on a rug under the gean tree, which spread its magnificent foliage and dangled its tempting fruit outside the drawing-room window. Above, among the geans, our younger daughter Jenny—who was still in the doll stage of life—was generally perched, and sufficiently obliging to rain geans down upon the Royal Academician who loved geans, but was too lazy to get them for himself. From this dear friend we had frequent visits, as he generally had a house in Perthshire for his numerous family, and could easily run up for a few days' sport. He was very fond of fishing, and much struck with the Spey cast, not easy to acquire, but splendidly managed by our sons, who knew no other cast. Consequently, whenever Sir John espied one of our

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boys—in Piccadilly, for instance, on the opposite side of the street—his recognition would take the form of Spey casting an imaginary line across an imaginary stream over the heads of an astonished populace.

He had always a delightful friendly way with him, but was often rather vague as to who his friends were, and his son Everett gave me an amusing account of how he—his father—met a fellow he knew in Regent Street one day and gave him a cordial greeting, saying he could not remember where they had last met, but he was very glad to see him again, etc. The fellow turned out to be his own butler!

I had once an amusing episode with him about a sofa. It was a remarkably quaint and beautiful old sofa I had fallen in love with in Paris. I tried hard not to buy that sofa, and got home from Paris safely without it. Still it kept lingering in my mind. Sir John Millais was then furnishing his lovely house at Palace Gate, so I told him about the sofa.

“Is it clean?” was the first question he asked. I assured him it was clean. The interview wound up with “Well, let us see the sofa.” In due course the sofa arrived at my house, and on seeing it once more my virtue vanished; I felt I could not part with that sofa. I tried to keep out of Millais’ way, and felt I was getting dishonourable, but to part with that sofa was impossible! Millais heard somehow that the sofa had arrived, and called at my house. Fortunately I was out, but

SIR JOHN MILLAIS

my son Robert was in the drawing-room when Millais walked in, and seeing *the* sofa before his eyes, exclaimed, "That is my sofa!" "Oh no," said my son, "my mother says she will keep it to herself."

The following is the letter I received from him in consequence:—

7 CROMWELL PLACE,
SOUTH KENSINGTON,
July 27th, 1876.

DEAR MRS. PRIESTLEY,

What is this I hear? You mean to keep the sofa yourself after buying it for me? Do you mean to drive me to law? Are you prepared to receive a letter from my solicitor beginning, "*Madam*, In compliance with the instructions of my client, Mr. J. E. Millais, I beg you to," etc., etc., etc.?

My sofa is charming, and I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you for having purchased it for me. On acquainting me with price paid and expenses of carriage I will send you a cheque for the whole amount. Sorry to have missed you.

Yours gratefully,
J. E. MILLAIS.

But to go back to "The Laggan"—*Anglice*, "The Cowshed"—it is not difficult to perceive that life was rendered particularly bright for us through friends from a distance and friends near. Our poorer neighbours, too, were a never-failing source of interest to us, and their simplicity was

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

charming. One day, while standing at the station waiting for a train to come in, I perceived an old woman casting shy looks of recognition in my direction, but could not remember who she was. I went up to her, however, and, shaking a horny and friendly hand, exclaimed, "I ought to know you. Who are you?"

Old woman, replying, said, "I'm quite well, I thank you, m'em; and *hoo* are you yoursel'?"

There was always something impressive if not tragic in the thought of their awful isolation during the winter months, and the bowed-down calmness with which they faced the prospect. One old woman who lived in a hut alone on the moor was totally blind! In another hut far removed from human habitation there lay a man dying of cancer in the throat, a distressing object to behold. In the same room slept the wife and six children. There were no ostensible means of existence, no doctors, no outside aids of any kind, no neighbours, no living creatures near save the grouse, whose weird notes alone broke the universal silence. The one thing that kept them from despair was the absolute belief that everything is decreed by the Almighty for some wise purpose. I was reading lately of a poor man thus isolated saying that "God was his nearest neighbour," and underneath was written "Admirable" by Robert Burns, who had read it.¹

This philosophy of resignation was magnificent, but it was not life.

¹ *Chambers' Journal*.

HAUGHY

Away down in the haugh, far removed from the lonely moorlanders, there lived a man called Haughy, from the name of his house.¹ Haughy was a doctor without a diploma, and a surgeon in active practice without a degree. Haughy was a quack. Needless to say, he effected cures that baffled the Royal College of Surgeons, and was the most popular man in the whole country-side. He lived within touch of the Aberdeen and Speyside railway junction at Craigellachie, and when he was at home for consultations he hoisted a red flag. Consequently the news was spread up and down the various lines with wonderful rapidity in these few terse words conveyed by the guards: "Haughy's flag is oot." I happened to be passing along the line one day when a duly qualified practitioner from Grantown jumped into the carriage at one of the stations. "Oh! there's Haughy's flag out!" he exclaimed, as we passed The Haugh in the distance. I had never heard of Haughy before, so my duly qualified friend insisted that I should get out at Craigellachie and follow the lame, the halt, and the faithful who were sure to get out there on their pilgrimage to Mecca.

As it was one of my periods of solitude, I determined to see the thing through. When the one train drew up from Aberdeen and the other came in simultaneously from Inverness, a most extraordinary scene took place. The porters all rushed forward to haul out those who could not

¹ The Haugh.

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

help themselves, and amidst shrieks and screams the wretched creatures were dragged across to the other line, where they had all to be got into the train again. The sympathy excited was great, but the treatment rough in the extreme, considering the dislocations and injuries from which many of the people were suffering. At Aberlour they had all to be got out once more, and I found myself in the position of a military bearer (minus the red cross) attending the wounded at the front. Those who were able made a rush for the ferry about a quarter of a mile off, followed by a slow procession of people with crutches, and people being dragged and helped along by friends. I stuck to a boy suffering agonies from a swollen and inflamed knee-joint, and made myself useful among the worst cases in the rear. By the time we crossed the ferry those in front were racing to get into the house first.

Once across the river, I hoped our troubles were passed, but not at all; we had two stiles to get over and two large fields still to negotiate. At last when we reached the house, the front door, which faced us and might have been handy, remained closed in the rigid disuse of ages, and we had to follow the multitude round to the back and take our places in the kitchen. Here the gude wife, with her coats tucked up, went through her work as usual, only stopping to announce who was to be seen next. The kitchen was fairly large and set all round with benches on which sat the patients. Hung over the peat fire

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

Against the wall was a big sofa. Close to this I sat in a chair and watched the proceedings with the pleasant sensation of a spy in the enemy's camp. Presently a great noise was heard outside, which took Haughy to the head of the stairs to help a young fellow on crutches who was struggling to get up. He was landed on the sofa and the nature of the injury to the knee explained. After feeling it up and down, came the ominous words—

“Hud on.”

In another moment Haughy's fist had come thundering down on the knee-cap, the leg being stretched out meanwhile. I thought all was over, and shut my eyes, fearing to see the limb scattered over the room.

“Weel, you can get up noo,” said Haughy.

I opened my eyes to find the young fellow standing on his own legs, looking the picture of satisfaction!

“You'll be able to walk noo,” said Haughy.

“O'oo aye,” quoth the other, “and what am I to pay ye?”

“Twa shillings,” said Haughy; and off walked the man, feeling he had got a good bargain, and rattled down the stairs carrying his crutches with him!

Next came a lad with an arm that had been injured with an anchor and was contracted at the elbow. It was terrible to look at, but the youth was full of hopefulness as he explained he had used the liniment and it “reekit like a lum.”¹ No

¹ Chimney.

HAUGHY

severe handling was resorted to in this case, but the reeking was to be continued.

Now two decent old women came in, one stout, the other lean, both talking volubly, and were not the least disconcerted by my presence. All the time they were talking they were busy disrobing each other, as they both suffered from the same kind of something "just doon the back below the shuther (shoulder)." When the seat of the malady was laid bare Haughy's two thumbs came slowly and severely down over the ground till a cry came forth, and Haughy remarked—

"There's y'in there."

"Aye," said the woman, "there's y'in there."

When two or three of *them* had been discovered he took a blue pencil from the table, and, wetting it with his mouth, proceeded to draw an outline from the shoulder to the waist, then back, with many curves resembling bays and peninsulas, to the shoulder. Within the blue line liniment was to be applied.

With the other woman the same process was gone through, but her malady was on the other side, which involved a drawing with less complicated outline.

The one woman was charged a shilling, and the other nothing at all, as her gude man had paid twa shillings for a consultation that same week.

Subjoined are two prescriptions written in my presence and copied for my benefit at my own request:—

"Take two oz. of anodyne Liniment rubb in a

THE STORY OF A LIFETIME

very Little of it night and morning with a persons hand over all the parts the shinnews is tight or Contracted or spraind and take a $\frac{1}{2}$ oz of Camphorated oile $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz of mashmallow ointement both well mixed together rubb in a little of the ointement after each time you rubb in the Liniment upon the same parts you can git more of the above if required."

No signature.

" $\frac{1}{2}$ oz Tincture of cladine $\frac{1}{2}$ oz asetic acid bath mixed together rubb in a little night and morning with a small Brush upon the parts efected and aply Brown Frinsh vinegar 4 times a day over all the parts efected By damping a flannel Cloth in the vinegar and aply it over the parts mentioned above and aply a Cammamoile pultus (poultice) over the same parts every second night when going to bed."

Provided with suchlike prescriptions all went away happy and content.

After this interesting experience I heard no more of Haugby till the following year, when he humbly knocked at our *back* door and inquired if he could see Dr. Priestley. He had come as a patient to consult him, and was found to be suffering from a rapid form of cancer and had not long to live. He was now no longer the quack in the estimation of the duly qualified physician, but a fellow-creature doomed to suffer till released by death. There was no one else to look after this old man, who had always shown sympathy with the poor and the greatest consideration for their pockets. It

DEATH OF HAUGHY

therefore turned out in the general topsy-turvydom of things that Haughy was not only attended in his last illness by my husband, who was then a Censor of the College of Physicians, but received the benefit and comfort of several consultations from other London physicians who came to stay with us. When any new medicine was recommended to him he was too nervous to take it unless I poured out the first dose and gave it to him with my own hand, which indeed I was very glad to do. In recognition of these services great baskets of superb jargonelle pears were sent to our house as long as they lasted. They grew peacefully all round that front door which was never opened save for a funeral.

When Haughy died he was mourned from Aberdeen to Inverness and all round about. The Sunday following his death the minister of the Presbyterian church extolled not only him but Dr. Priestley by name from the pulpit, and thereby rejoiced the hearts of the people.

FRENCH SAVANTS

return ticket, placed in my hands the equivalent in cash. I now had the pleasure of finding myself the one woman and only English person in the midst of French *savants*. The party consisted of M. Caro, Mézières, Guizot (son of the Minister), all distinguished members of the Academie des Sciences: M. Ferdinand de Lesseps and Mademoiselle Ferdinande, the little daughter without whom he never travelled; Dr. Guéneau de Mussy, his son-in-law, M. de Girardin; Pasteur's son-in-law, M. Vallery-Radot; and the two secretaries of de Lesseps.

Of de Lesseps we saw little during the journey, as he occupied the adjoining carriage with his secretaries and slept all the way. Of Mademoiselle, aged about twelve, we had enough, for she scampered to and fro, buffeted the *savants*, sat down occasionally to draw everybody's portrait, and was an *enfant truly terrible*. She had travelled all over the world, from Panama to Egypt, with her father, who seemed to carry her off on world-wide expeditions much as he would his carpet-bag. We formed a very happy party, and all were enchanted to hear that I knew "Monsieur Youngaire" personally, and used to dance with him in my youth at the Edinburgh balls. Pasteur was in great spirits, and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks at the funny stories told by his friends as we all sat round the table. At luncheon-time, on reaching York, they were all bent on having Rosbif and ale, Younger's Edinburgh ale if possible. After this a period of drowsy silence took place; then one

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after another would rouse up, and an interregnum of scientific and intellectual talk would ensue. M. Caro got out the address he had to read or present to the University, and wished to know what thought of it. It referred to Mary Queen of Scots as the link between France and Scotland, and was gracefully polite.

Then the conversation turned on de Lesseps and the Suez Canal, Pasteur maintaining that in the course of the construction de Lesseps had travelled 86,000 leagues, which was more than the distance of the earth from the moon. As this seemed incredible to some of the party, Pasteur tore off the margin of a newspaper, wrote on it the following, and sent it across to de Lesseps, who had to be wakened up to read and sign it. I give it in English :—

“During the course of the construction of the Suez Canal M. de Lesseps has travelled 86,000 leagues—that is, ten thousand more than the distance of the earth from the moon?

“PASTEUR.”

“This is true. Certified as correct by

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.”

Before we parted company I made the suggestion that they should all come and dine at my house on their return to London, that they might meet Lister, Sir James Paget, and a few of our English *savants*. This was unanimously carried with the exception of Mézières, who had to hurry off

PASTEUR IN LONDON

to Paris. The rest were to be at Brown's Hotel for a few days. De Lesseps "et Mademoiselle" were not included in the invitation, as I knew they were on the wing. When the train was drawing up at the Edinburgh station Pasteur put his head out of the window, and seeing a vast crowd on the platform, drew back and called, "Where is de Lesseps? Tell him to come, for the people are waiting to see him." De Lesseps accordingly was shoved forward, and walked first through the avenue of people, who gave him a cordial greeting. But it was Pasteur they wanted, and when he walked up the scene was one of wild enthusiasm, for many of that multitude were students of the university.

Strange to say, we rarely met during the four succeeding days, except on Academic occasions, until we reassembled in the train and were as children again, bent on light-hearted frolic with brief interludes of seriousness and quiet.

The day fixed for my dinner party was the 22nd. A telegram to my daughter to prepare for a dinner of twenty with evening party to follow did all that was required. During the forenoon of the 22nd a large hamper arrived from Mr. Alfred de Rothschild as a tribute of esteem for the distinguished Frenchmen whom he was unable to meet on account of his father's recent death. The hamper contained one of the celebrated Rothschild cakes, many other cakes, and quantities of superb grapes, peaches, and other fruits.

The dinner was a great success, but the real

LETTER FROM PASTEUR

Finally I had a letter from Professor Tyndall asking the loan of them for a lecture he was giving at the Royal Institution. When the lecture came off I was sitting among the audience absorbed in interest, when suddenly the lecturer turned the eyes of all my friends upon me by making a handsome acknowledgment of my practical contribution to the lecture!

The next year, 1885, I received the following amusing letter from Pasteur in response to one I had written to him. It is dated from Arbois, the early home of his father:—

ARBOIS (JURA), *October 2nd, 1885.*

VERY DEAR MADAME,

What must you think of my silence? Your last kind letter to me was of the 27th May and now we are at the 2nd of October. Four long months!

I will not try to plead my innocence—I am guilty, very guilty. Allow me only to plead extenuating circumstances!

You were saying that the editor of the "Fortnightly Review" had asked you for an article on the English edition of Vallery-Radot's book, instead of a notice already prepared, that your friend Mrs. Lynn Linton, a woman of great merit and style, had kindly undertaken it, that the article was going to appear, and that you would send it us immediately on its publication. I have received nothing as yet. These are the extenuating

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND PASTEUR

my return to Paris towards the end of October or the beginning of November.

The "Review" was awaiting him all the time in Paris, and was acknowledged later.

Three weeks after this letter was written I received the following from Dr. Henri Guéneau de Mussy:—

15 RUE DU CIRQUE,
Fb. ST. HONORÉ.
October 28th, 1885.

DEAR MRS. PRIESTLEY,

I know that you will be pleased to read the last communication of Pasteur's to the *Académie des Sciences* and the *Académie de Médecine*. Of course, I was present yesterday when he delivered the enclosed note, and I never witnessed such an enthusiasm in any scientific audience. Enthusiasm was not quite unmixed with terror when the case of Joseph Meister was described, and it was easy to perceive that dear Pasteur was himself quite overwhelmed with emotions of every sort when he witnessed the operation on a fellow-creature for the first time. However, I think that no one can entertain any doubt on the success obtained, except . . ., who doubts everything, unless what he does himself.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Priestley,

Ever yours faithfully,

H. GUÉNEAU DE MUSSY.

Early in March, 1886, I was reading the *Times* one morning, when I saw that Sir Henry Roscoe had asked a question in the House of Commons

THE PASTEUR COMMISSION

M. Guéneau de Mussy has, like you, dear Madame, spoken to me about a lecture at the Royal Institution. Ah! if my health allowed it, how happy I should be to respond to the invitation of the Director of this fine establishment. All the same, my desire at this moment is to be able to go in the autumn to thank in person the President Paget, M. Victor Horsley (Secretary), and all the members of the Commission.

Accept, dear Madame, for yourself and your dear husband the fresh assurance of my affectionate, devoted sentiments.

L. PASTEUR.

As the news of the new treatment spread, and people were arriving from Russia and all parts of the world to be inoculated, my husband was receiving private letters on behalf of our postmen and policemen begging cards of introduction to Pasteur that would admit them to his presence without delay. All this sort of correspondence was entrusted to me as my share of the busy work going on about us. It is interesting to reflect that at this period all nations found a welcome at the *Ecole Normale*, where they went through the series of inoculations in the chemical laboratory of the Ecole at the expense of the French Government. It was a wonderful bond of peace! Since then a fund has been established at the Mansion House to send people too poor to afford it over to Paris for the treatment.

Meanwhile, the nations were combining to

A MONUMENT TO PASTEUR

save our own. Except for the Copley medal from the Royal Society there was nothing. Our subscription list towards the Institut was miserable. And all this time *la Rage* was prevalent in Great Britain, and the British were begging succour from France, and receiving it with lofty indifference. In scientific circles alone was Pasteur's work understood and fully appreciated.

The Album, I considered, would not only give pleasure to the Pasteur family, but would serve as the thin edge of the wedge wherewithal to open the minds of the educated classes.

In September (1888) Dr. Priestley and myself were bent on going to Washington to attend a Medical Congress, and I foresaw that my husband, being then *en fête* and no longer harassed with work, would be an invaluable aid in getting signatures, as he certainly proved to be. Hence I provided myself with many cardboard sheets, and many large envelopes in which they could be sent hither and thither to gather the signatures from all the Universities in the United States and Canada, as well as the names of distinguished persons whom we met *en route*.

THE RABBIT PEST IN AUSTRALIA

rabbits were everywhere. They were on the roads, on the plain, on the sands. They were driven into wired fields, and ruthlessly beaten to death by men, women, and children; every kind of cruel poison was used, still they swarmed.

A few months after this article had appeared, *Le Temps* published an official notice from the Government of New South Wales offering a sum of £25,000 to "whatever person who shall cause to be known, and demonstrate at his own expense, a method or process yet unknown in the Colony, with a view to exterminating rabbits in an efficacious manner, subject to the following conditions," etc.

To this, Pasteur wrote to the editor of *Le Temps* offering to send to those distant lands "certain ideas whose application might, perhaps, meet with success."

Without entering too much into weary preliminaries, it is sufficient to say that Pasteur opened up communications with me, the result being that my husband engaged for him an English assistant, Dr. Hinds, while he himself engaged for the work his nephew and assistant, Dr. Loir, and another, Dr. Germont. These three fully qualified young men were deputed to carry Pasteur's "ideas" in the shape of Fowl cholera out to Australia for the destruction of the rabbits. This disease had been thoroughly studied in the laboratory of the Rue d'Ulm, with the result that an attenuated culture of the virus was already extensively used throughout the farms in France to protect the

THE RABBIT PEST IN AUSTRALIA

at the Ecole Normale in the beautiful apartments of M. and Madame Pasteur, who had invited friends to meet us at *déjeuner*, all being interested in the great rabbit question.

The rooms of "residence" in this great school formed already a monument to Pasteur, for on the walls hung pictures of the great master, painted by distinguished artists (one being Charles Duran), also a large crown of gold laurel leaves, three gold anchors, and other tributes from various towns. On a table stood an exquisite group of fruit carved out of precious stones from the Emperor of Russia. Also a gold enamelled casket from the Duke of Oldenburg, who had studied in Pasteur's laboratory.

Another table with glass enclosure contained the following Grand Crosses :—

Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

Grand Cross of the Order of St. Anne of Russia.
Cross and insignia in diamonds.

Grand Cross of SS. Maurice and Lazarus of Italy.

Grand Cross of the Order of Isabella the Catholic.

Grand Cross of the Rose of Brazil, with Collar.

Grand Cross of the Medjidieh of Turkey.

Grand Cross of St. James of Portugal.

Grand Cross of the Polar Star of Sweden.

Grand Cross of St. Sava, Serbie.

Grand Cross of the Iron Crown of Austria and Hungary.

Grand Cross of Roumania.

Grand Cross of Nichan.

THE RABBIT PEST IN AUSTRALIA

science." He further remarked, during this conversation, "I could never work for money, but I could always work for science." This from a man who could have been the richest the world had ever known had he chosen to keep "his secrets" to himself. Here he was nearing the end of a long career, content to be a professor of chemistry, as he was at the beginning, in receipt of a modest salary from the Government of his country.

Our talk over, Pasteur was bent on taking Mademoiselle Jennie and myself to see how the new building was getting on in the Rue Dutot. He accordingly escorted us downstairs to the carriage which had been placed at our disposal for the day by Madame Grancher, wife of Dr. Grancher, the first physician found with courage enough to make the first inoculation on the first human being ever inoculated with the virus of rabies. Had young Meister died after the treatment, Dr. Grancher—the man of faith and courage—would assuredly have been tried for manslaughter, and hundreds who were subsequently saved would have been doomed to suffer the cruellest of all deaths. After seeing us into our *coupé*, Pasteur himself followed in an open cab, although the day was cold and snow was on the ground. When we arrived on the spot, the great chemist was so bent on explaining the plan of his new laboratory, that he was oblivious of the fact that he was paralyzed down the one side, owing, unhappily, to overwork during his Ferment researches. Fearlessly he led the way, and expected us to follow over beams and

THE RABBIT PEST IN AUSTRALIA

Places had been secured for them on board the *Cuzco*, and through the unfailing kindness of Sir Daniel Cooper, and his son-in-law, Mr. Green, of the Australian Steamship Company, a considerable space had been reserved in the cold chamber for the chicken cholera. This was the cause of some amusement, as the chicken cholera was contained in glass tubes of very small dimensions. Here is a drawing of a tube done by Pasteur to show me the size. The little speck in the corner is one of the cocci in a visible form. The ends are sealed, and the vitality preserved indefinitely at the temperature 50° C. It is from this, which contains the fresh blood of the dead rabbit, that future cultures are taken.



*Drawn by Pasteur,
Feb. 14, 1888.*

When all was ready, and the three young experts had departed, rumours of alarm from Australia began to reach us. This distressed Pasteur greatly. With his arm linked in mine he limped up and down the pathways outside the laboratory exclaiming, "I have been too sanguine, too sanguine!" His wife told me he had already laid out £1000 on this enterprise, and she feared it would come to nothing. Pasteur soon perceived that the trouble lay in the fatal word "cholera," and it did. Not only the people, but some members of the New South Wales Commission, had taken fright from lack of full scientific knowledge.

THE RABBIT PEST IN AUSTRALIA

unwelcome microbes, not knowing how they might be treated by their new custodians.

After much discussion it was finally decided that Rodd Island (a small island, I believe, in Sydney Harbour) was to be prepared, under every elaborate precaution, for the experiments which were promised under every possible difficulty. The whole island was enclosed in wire netting and laboratories built within it. The experiments on the rabbits were to be confined to rabbit hutches or boxes, and the rules regarding communications with the mainland were rigid.

Now, to go back for the moment to France, it so happened that Madame Pommery of Rheims, proprietress of the great house of champagne which bears her name, sent Pasteur the following letter after reading his note in *Le Temps* :—

RHEIMS, December 3, 1887.

SIR,

I possess at Rheims, above my cellars, a vineyard of eight "hectares" entirely surrounded by walls. I have had the regrettable idea to put in it some rabbits, in order to afford sport to my grandchildren.

These animals have swarmed so much, and undermine the ground to such an extent, that I wish to destroy them. The ferrets are powerless to make them come out of the enormous heaps of chalk in which they take refuge.

If it is agreeable to you to try the process which you recommended for the destruction of

THE RABBIT PEST IN AUSTRALIA

smallest prick in one of these hands the *sorter* was certain to die.¹ Pasteur had already investigated this disease, and found a vaccine which rendered the healthy animals immune in infected herds. His trained assistants were not long in preparing the vaccine and demonstrating its efficacy in arresting the ravages caused by the disease. The squatters and Government officials who were superintending were duly impressed; but meanwhile the rabbit question was still in the air, the dreaded "cholera" in close custody, the experts *suspect*, although personally well treated by the people.

It was evident that contending interests and hostility would win the day. "You will have many difficulties," said one of the Commissioners. "You ought not to have come without an exact contract with the Government," said another!

In a letter from Pasteur to Sir Daniel Cooper he asks in reply to these assertions, "Does not the programme of August 31st, 1887, pledge the Government?"

"Did not the Government of Sydney send a telegram to you asking for the microbe of M. Pasteur with instructions, so as to make use of it? Is not the Government pledged by this telegram to its official agent in London? What wasps' nest have I fallen into?"

The situation was curious. While every difficulty was thrown in the way of a fair demonstration

¹ A remedy for this lamentable state of things has since then been adopted.

THE RABBIT PEST IN AUSTRALIA

This I have done, recommending him to ask £25,000, in return for which his delegates will teach a certain number of Government officials the art of cultivating the vaccine of Cumberland disease.

If the Government of New South Wales takes the initiative—as it has done with the rabbit pest—and enters into a treaty with the other Australasian Governments, the sum will soon be minimized by each paying a share. Each Government would thus have the right to send one or two representative vets. to learn the method, and take back the knowledge, and some of the vaccine, to start centres in their respective countries. By the Government exercising control in the matter it is much more likely to be properly done than if it were left in the hands of private individuals who might do more harm than good.

I have read all the papers which you and other friends have lately sent me, and I am not in the least surprised at the universal alarm felt at the idea of introducing disease where there is apparently so little knowledge of Pasteur's methods and of his marvellous power of keeping disease under control. There is no country in the world where a Pasteur is more wanted than in that fair land of yours. Nature has done everything for it, but its very prosperity has already opened the door to various diseases. You have arrived at the moment when Pasteur, the great Controller, is needed. He, the humble individual who never thinks of himself, lives for science alone. You cannot barter with such a

THE RABBIT PEST IN AUSTRALIA

France and other nations have risen up and collected £80,000 to build him a scientific institute. The ground and buildings cost £61,000, and the endowments ought to come from Australia to complete the honour before he dies, leaving all his noble works behind for the benefit of the human race.

Sincerely yours,
ELIZA PRIESTLEY.

Nothing came of this, for "against stupidity even the gods fight in vain," and the end of it all was that the French experts were recalled. Dr. Hinds was permitted to stay behind and to settle down in practice and do the best he could for himself and the colony.

Twenty years have passed since then, and Australia, in common with other civilized countries, has not been slow to follow the teachings, and reap the benefits issuing from the Pasteur Institute, the chief endowment of which we owe to two large-minded and benevolent women, Madame Hirsch, and Madame Boucicaut, the foundress of the Bon Marché.

MR. PIERPONT MORGAN

spent a day and night, arranging for letters to be forwarded, and various other matters. Before leaving, we paid a visit to our friend Mr. Pierpont Morgan, whom we found in his office at the bank. We had known him hitherto in a sociable way at Dover House when he came to visit his father and mother, whom we counted amongst our most intimate friends. Here in the great bank we felt possessed with a sense of intrusion, owing to the bustle and business going on, and were on the point of leaving cards and walking off when we were ushered into the great financier's room. All our scruples quickly vanished before a most cordial reception, for our visit had been heralded by his father, who was anxious that "America should make itself pleasant to us." Having accordingly arranged that we should pay a visit to himself and Mrs. Morgan at their country house near West Point, we took leave of the office with the pleasant sensation that life there was very human after all, and that our visit had not unhinged the affairs of the nation so much as we had feared!

Next morning we started for Boston *en route* to Beverley Farms to visit Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was there with his daughter, Mrs. Sargent, for the summer and autumn. That we should spend our first week in the United States with them had long since been arranged. Two years previously, in 1886, we had seen them daily in London when they spent their "hundred days in Europe."

Before we arrived, Dr. Holmes had been warned by his medical attendant not to talk too much on

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

your will. Throughout the establishment there was much to learn and nothing to teach. And beyond the many evidences of high thinking, there was the simple life that suited us so well. No late dinners nor formalities of any sort. The home life went on as usual whoever came. The morning meal produced home-made bread, rolls, scones, and a variety of good dishes peculiar to the land. The evening meal was pastoral in its simplicity, the dish I best remember being milk-toast—a bowl of cut-up, fresh-made toast, with hot milk poured over it. This was the innocent bowl over which our minds would wander back to the memorable Hundred Days. From these peaceful surroundings a thousand brilliant scenes would rise before us, making us feel it was quite another world we were contemplating—one they would never see again, but which still awaited us for a time. How our dear host revelled in these memories!

Yes, over the milk-toast we roamed once more through marble halls, and many a glittering scene. There was the night we met at Lord Granville's reception at Carlton House Terrace, when Lady Granville very kindly asked me to take Dr. Wendell Holmes over the rooms. As we sailed through the beautiful apartments the gallant old poet turned to me and said, "I feel I am going about with the Evening Star." "You are quite wrong," I replied, "for it is I who am going about with the Star of the evening." Thus merrily we passed the hour like people of the *ancien régime* feeling young again.

Then there was the dinner at Archdeacon

THE AUTOCRAT

When the guests were gone, and about a dozen were left, we sat round the supper table for an hour enjoying the wit and humorous stories that poured from the brain of our delightful host.

The following is another reminiscence of that period which I have found in a letter written by myself to my aunt, Mrs. Wills, at the time :—

“On Sunday afternoon we had a very interesting levee. Dr. Wendell Holmes came to meet Sir James Paget and Sir William Gull. We formed a small group for conversation in the one room, while Flora and Jenny entertained the usual Sunday casuals over the tea table in the next.

“In the end Dr. Wendell Holmes declared himself much impressed with Paget, but somewhat puzzled by Gull. Sir William (Gull) laid it down that medicine was the mother of all sciences, and that a tablet to that effect should be placed in the College of Physicians. Some of us objected, and maintained that medicine as a science began with Pasteur, for although the use of drugs might have been known to the ancients, the earliest of all sciences was astronomy. Presently Dr. Holmes, in his amusing way, gave the conversation a turn by saying the earliest medical advice ever given—on a person taking poison—was *to spit it out!*

“The Autocrat has a great sense of the ludicrous, and is very bright and animated. Altogether it was a charming afternoon.”

But to turn from Hertford Street to Beverley Farms once more. I was sitting one morning on

LETTERS FROM THE AUTOCRAT

"We have had lots of Christmas presents, none more welcome than a drum full of mistletoe and holly from a kind English friend who has kept us supplied with them in past years. Such dear remembrances as they are of our darling *old home*—and then—and then—our charming friends smile on us so benignantly as we distribute them.

"I wonder whether the pious old customs of England are still observed. I don't know anything that pleases our pretty women more than a gift of a bough of mistletoe—so suggestive, you know, even to the iciest of vestals, who looks as if she had slept in the refrigerator. . . ."

Before me lie many delightful letters from both father and daughter; but innocent joys do not alone fill the pages, for to them, as to all, come sorrows. Only seven months after our visit the two who were so much one, and everything to each other, were parted by death. "It is too true,"—writes Dr. Holmes on April 30th—"my much-loved daughter was taken from me on the 3rd of April, after nearly two months' illness. . . ."

The last letter he ever wrote to my husband was dated 1893, about fifteen months before his death, which took place quite quietly when sitting in his easy chair.

The letter is very cheerful, but handwriting shaky. I give the last paragraph:—

"Pray do not think you must thank me for the hymn I sent you, or criticize, or praise it. I want you to know that I am still *compos mentis*.

CHAPTER XII

WASHINGTON and the Congress still lay before us, both big.

The change from the simple New England home life, where everything breathed of peace and absence from strife, was bewildering. In sending forth the tendrils of my memory there is little to take hold of. The White House opened its doors to a reception held by Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland one afternoon. The local physicians kept open house morning, noon, and night, and the usual magnificent hospitalities went on.

The most restful pleasures were those for which I was best fitted, and as Princess Henrietta of Schleswig-Holstein, wife of Professor von Esmarck of Kiel, believed herself to be on the same plane as myself physically, we arranged to take quiet country drives together in the various carriages placed at our disposal by friends. We were thrown so much together on this and subsequent occasions that we became very friendly, and kept up a correspondence afterwards for some years.

On leaving Washington we travelled with the Von Esmarcks and a few others to Baltimore to visit the Johns Hopkins Hospital—the most advanced in the world. As it was finished, but not

MALARIA MICROBES

One morning, about nine o'clock, we were sitting quietly at breakfast in our hotel when a young medical assistant from one of the hospitals rushed in, saying breathlessly, "You must come to the hospital at once, not a moment to lose. The patients have just come in from the peach-growing districts with malaria, and if you wish to see the parasites in the crescent stage of their existence you must come."

My husband mildly inquired if they would not keep!

"Oh no," said the student, "they are disappearing now, for they—the patients—have all been already saturated with quinine!"

In not many minutes we were both in the laboratory, spell-bound to a row of microscopes which were being supplied with fresh drops of blood taken from the fingers of the sufferers in the wards. There for the first time we saw the crescents but no other developments of their life history.

In the hospital for tropical diseases at the Albert Docks I have since then seen the various stages of the life history of this microbe, now so distinguished in connection with the mosquito. The life cycle of this parasite is one of the marvels of medical research and curiosities of science.

We were now bent on visiting the grave of Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen and great-grand uncle of my husband, hence we started on September 25th for Northumberland, the place of his exile and death. Mr. Frank Thomson,

NORTHUMBERLAND, U.S.A.

where to find any. To ring the bell was impossible. There were no bells. So just as we were, with the dust of travel upon us, we strolled out to look up our relations.

Mrs. Priestley and her two daughters—one called Janet—received us most kindly and begged us to take up our quarters with them, but this friendly offer we felt we could not accept. They were the fourth generation in direct descent from the great chemist,—eldest son of eldest son straight down the line.

Next morning they drove us in their carriage to the grave of Joseph Priestley in the new cemetery to which his remains were carried from the original resting-place in the middle of the town. One little rose bush was growing up beside the memorial tablet, and from it I gathered a few leaves for the Pasteur Album, knowing the high esteem which the living chemist held for the one who was dead. The ground was well kept, and beautifully situated facing the Blue Hills, and overlooking a bend of the wide and tranquil Susquehanna river. Then we went to see the house where Joseph Priestley, F.R.S., LL.D., lived and died in exile. The laboratory was now in use as an outhouse, and was full of gardener's tools, but the instruments he used were carefully preserved in the National Museum at Washington.

Close beside me, where I write, stands a singularly pretty oval Sheraton card table that belonged to Priestley, and was part of the furniture of this very house. After his death it was

“YANKEE NOTIONS”

We also had introductions to Mrs. Whitney, and Mrs. Sloane, the daughter of Mr. Vanderbilt, and received much kindness from them.

Our next visit was to Mr. and Mrs. Pierpont Morgan in their charming country house near West Point.

Here all was simplicity once more. We felt back in New England again. No ostentation, no formality, just the sweet home life, and unaffected delightful daughters.

After this to New York, where we spent our last fortnight with Dr. and Mrs. Fordyce Barker, who entertained us with all the town festivities they could think of. At their house we met our friend, Dr. John Metcalfe, whom we had seen often and admired so much in our own country. He took us to Tiffany's one day, and presented me with a silver bowl of exquisite workmanship, and another of porcelain, just to show what the Yankees could do.

Before leaving these hospitable shores we received a packet of “Yankee notions” from Dr. Wendell Holmes. Here is the list of notions:—

Mrs. McGregor's family nail-box containing 400 steel white nails, etc.

Two automatic mucilage pencils.

Box of pure rubber finger-shields for pen-holders.

A silver tongue-scraper, similar to one he always used himself.

Then books, poems, etc.

CHAPTER XII

It was not until the spring of 1890 that the Pasteur Album was sufficiently advanced for presentation. It had meanwhile afforded my husband and myself the greatest interest and pleasure throughout our wanderings in the United States and Canada. The various Professors of distant Universities, whom we met at the Congress, volunteered to carry off sheets to be covered with the signatures of their *confrères*, and the interest and sympathy excited everywhere seemed to form a "brotherhood of science" extending all over the globe. Dr. Wendell Holmes undertook Boston, which was supposed to be the place superior to all other places in the world. So much so that *their* cuckoos would never say "To who" but "To whom"! "There are not ten men in Boston who could have written Shakspear's plays," etc. Our friend loved the conceits of Boston.

Among others who afforded me valuable assistance with the Album were Sir James Paget, who approached the Prince and Princess of Wales. Then Mrs. Max Müller undertook Oxford and Glasgow, and Lord Watson the peers. Here he encountered various difficulties, as many required

DR. ROUX

The last time I met Pasteur was five years later at Villeneuve l'Etang, a curious long straggling villa on the outskirts of Paris. It was formerly occupied by the Cent Gardes, under Napoleon III. The stables were now occupied by a hundred horses, whose mission was to give up a portion of their blood that human beings might be saved from the effects of diphtheria. Dr. Roux, one of Pasteur's ablest assistants,¹ had worked out the subject at the Institute, and it was here that the diphtheritic anti-toxin was prepared, and sent out far and wide to be inoculated into the veins of human beings when the disease was declared.

To me it was not a little curious to reflect that thirty-two years previously my husband was enduring all the agony of this disease within easy reach of this place where the prophylaxy was now prepared. While idly sitting on the sunny terrace at Bellevue, waiting for Nature to perform her slow and difficult cure, we little dreamt that just over there, where we could point with the finger, lay the Palace of the Tuileries, where Pasteur, about that very time, was assuring the Emperor that his great ambition was to "arrive at the knowledge of the causes of putrid and contagious diseases," an ambition he lived to realize.

It had been previously arranged that Madame de Mussy was to drive me in her Victoria out to Garches to pay this little visit. When we got there we were warmly received by the members of the family, who dropped in singly, the one going

¹ Now the Director.

DEATH OF PASTEUR

He died in this simple abode on September 28th, 1895.

France, full of universal appreciation, was plunged into mourning, and resolved to give him a state funeral.

A few days after his death I received a letter from Madame de Mussy, in which she says, "I was thinking of you as I do often, and the grief the death of poor Pasteur must be for you, when your letter was brought up to me. I am going to write to see either Madame Pasteur or Madame Vallery-Radot, and I will tell them all that you say. They have certainly rendered justice to Pasteur, and made him a funeral he well deserved. Some papers don't speak at all of his Christian feelings and of his Christian life. They are rather vexed, I think, to find in such a great savant, at the same time such a Christian man."

I need not dwell on a ceremonial that filled the papers at the time. Sufficient to say that the body was taken to Nôtre Dame, where it was to remain in one of the chapels till a tomb could be prepared under the Institute. A year and a half later when all was ready for the final removal, I received the following letter from Madame Vallery-Radot :—

14 RUE DE GRENELLE, PARIS,
October 3rd, 1896.

DEAR MADAME,

The date of the ceremony for the removal of my father's body into the Pasteur

FUNERAL OF PASTEUR

black-edged *carte d'entrée* was forwarded for "Madame et Mademoiselle Priestley," without which we could not have gained admission to the ceremony in the cathedral.

My husband was to represent the Edinburgh University, and read an address at the Institute. The family alone, with the exception of my daughter and myself, were to be present at Nôtre Dame and take part in the cortège.

The following letter which I wrote at the time to my son Robert, gives an account of the ceremony :—

HOTEL BELLEVUE, CANNES,
December 28th, 1896.

"Between Amiens and Paris the country was white with snow and the weather misty and cold.

"Next morning Jenny and I were called at 6.30, and had an early breakfast before starting for Nôtre Dame. When we got there the Pasteurs had not arrived, indeed, we had mistaken the hour and were too soon.

"However, there was an official at the door, who told us to walk in. The big place so full of historical associations looked weird in the grey mist with candles lighting up the catafalque in front of the altar. We took a walk round and came upon the side chapel where the body of Pasteur was still lying awaiting the ceremony about to take place. The central part of the cathedral was screened round and laid out with seats, and as one or two of the family had now

FUNERAL OF PASTEUR

the host, and the priests walked round the catafalque, at the end of which stood a priest holding a silver crucifix, to which they all bowed and crossed themselves. When the service was over, the carriers again appeared and drew out the coffin, which they proceeded to carry towards the door, followed by the priests and all the mourners, Jenny and I being at the end. The coffin was now resting on trestles, and each one as they filed past sprinkled it with holy water from a silver instrument passed from one to the other, we doing as the others did. The family were now drawn up at the side, Mr. J. B. Pasteur, the son, holding out his hand to us in friendly greeting. So I shook hands with him, and soon found myself embraced warmly and tearfully by Madame Pasteur and her daughter, Madame Vallery-Radot. The coffin was now carried out and placed in a plain hearse, and the black coaches all came up one after the other, and carried us slowly along to the Rue Dutot. We were in the last coach with M. Laurent and M. Loir (cousin and nephew). When we arrived at the Institute the hearse drew up at the grand entrance, where all the officials formed into a semicircle to receive the coffin, but Madame Pasteur and we women of the party drew up at a side door, and went straight down to the crypt to await the coffin. Descending the marble steps, we seemed to be leaving earth altogether and entering the gates of Paradise, for anything more strangely beautiful and ethereal I never saw. The general effect was that of lightness, truly

MADAME PASTEUR

Dr. Roux, refused to allow her to give up her rooms. So there she still lives, taking an active interest in the work going on around her during the day. But when all is quiet at night, and the few domestics have retired to their quarters round about, it is curious to think what these midnight hours must be.

Above and all around her are the chambers of disease. Outside the yelping of mad dogs may break the awful silence, and close beside her is the tomb wherein lies the dead body of the man whom she adored!

To most women such surroundings would be a terror, but with a mind so imbued with the lofty calling of her husband's work no other thought than that of pride and thankfulness could find a place.

From this strange home she wrote me the following letter the year after her husband's death:—

January 2nd, 1897.

DEAR MADAME PRIESTLEY,

Thank you so much for your remembrance of the ceremony in which we were so pleased to see you take part. Our beloved tomb is still visited by many people, and on every side we are congratulated on having found an architect who has turned to account so ably the task we committed to him. Yesterday—for the New Year—I had the good news of hearing that Baron Hirsch is giving a present of frs. 2,000,000 to the Pasteur

CHAPTER XIV

It was in the month of May, 1893, that my husband happened to meet Sir Andrew Clarke (who at that time was President of the Royal College of Physicians) and stopped to have a chat. Before parting, Sir Andrew asked in a casual way, "By-the-bye, have you had a letter from Mr. Gladstone?"

"No," no letter had arrived, and the matter was forgotten till a few days later when *the* letter arrived. It ran thus:—

10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL,
May 31st, 1893.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have the pleasure to inform you that her Majesty the Queen has empowered me to propose to you that you should receive the honour of knighthood; and I trust it may be agreeable to you to accept the proposal, which I now tender in pursuance of her Majesty's gracious permission.

I remain, faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

My husband now understood the significance of Sir Andrew's inquiry, and it was quite characteristic of his simplicity of nature that the question

CHAPTER XV

ONE day in April, 1896, I was strolling up and down the corridor outside the ladies' grille in the House of Commons, waiting to hear a debate in which I was interested. Presently Sir Frederick Cook came along, and remarked cheerfully that he was delighted to hear that Sir William Priestley was going to join them and become an M.P. Never having heard the smallest whisper of this, I inquired pleasantly if he could mention the constituency about to be thus honoured?

"Oh, it is quite true," he added, "I have just heard it from Sir William himself down in the lobby."

"Was he there?" I asked.

"Yes, and looking for you; will you come?"

I was accordingly taken by the member for South London through many long passages, down several staircases, and past innumerable policemen till eventually the aspiring M.P. was found.

Yes, it was true. He had met his friend Sir James Crichton Browne, at the Athenæum Club, and after a close and confidential talk had promised at least to turn the matter over in his mind. So here was my M.D. being persuaded by his friends to

LAST DAYS

to the original. Only 100 copies were brought out, one of which my own library is proud to possess through the generosity of the same donor.

Meanwhile St. Andrews was not forgotten, as our friend Sir Charles Nicholson, a distinguished scholar, in his desire to mark his pleasure on my husband's election, offered a gift to this ancient library through him. He was a collector of missals and old MSS., and decided to present them with "The Roll of the Law, XII. Cent. A.D."—a gift that would always be appreciated by scholars.

Bitten by the excitement and all the work doing, and still to be done, not only in affairs of State, but within his own department, he got more and more into the swing as each session came round, and enjoyed more and more the work, as each of the few years still remaining to him flew by.

It was in December, 1899, when in the full enjoyment of health and country life, that the first note of warning came. Later, when we knew the malady was fatal, we brought him to town and nursed him once again in the room so severely condemned by Sir William Jenner thirty-six years before.

In the boudoir adjoining he was able to receive the many friends who came to cheer him till within a few days of his death.

The affairs in which he was concerned were many, but all had to be relinquished as day after day the curtain fell lower and lower on his dear

LAST DAYS

of a happy home. At the height of his prosperity he was making a professional income amounting to £10,000 a year, the same as his *confrère*, Sir James Paget, and at the same period of time. This enabled him to be generous to his children at their start in life, and left no murmurings after his death.

For myself I live on, surrounded by the many tokens of the love and respect in which he was held, and find an endless comfort and resource in the papers and books, which have enabled me to live again in childhood, and wander through the happy years of womanhood to the completion of this Story of a Lifetime.

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